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KING EDWARD VII AND HIS CONSORT

By Mrs. Sarah Tooley, Author of "The Personal Life of Queen Victoria," etc.

KING EDWARD VII made his entrance into the world on November 9th, 1842, when the good citizens of London were thronging the streets to acclaim a new Lord Mayor. The birth took place at Buckingham Palace at ten minutes to eleven, and the sex of the Royal infant was announced by Sir James Clark to the Ministers waiting in the antechamber, among whom, it is interesting to note, were the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. The infant was described as "a remarkably fine, full-grown, robust, well-proportioned, and healthy child." When the express-messenger reached the Guildhall with the news the outgoing and in-coming Lord Mayors were about to enter their carriages, and a discussion arose as to which of the two was entitled to the birthday honour of a baronetcy. It was ultimately conferred upon Lord Mayor Pirie, the new Chief Magistrate.

During the first months of his life the King was nursed by Mrs. Brough, a woman who had been attached to Queen Victoria's household at Claremont—used at this period as a residence by her late Majesty. Throughout her life Mrs. Brough received many marks of favour from the Royal Family, and was affectionately devoted to the Prince. The gratuity paid to Mrs. Brough for her special service was £1,000, exactly double that given a year previous to the wet-nurse of the

Princess Royal. Indeed, such was the elation at the birth of a male heir that all fees attendant on the Queen's *accouchement* were doubled.

The birth of a son and heir was the crowning joy of the happy marriage of Queen Victoria with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, and the christening was celebrated at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on January 25th, with great state and splendour. The King of Prussia, brother of the first German Emperor, was chief sponsor, and came on a visit for the occasion. The christening robe was a marvel of delicate lace and workmanship, and served in after years for the christening of the King's eldest son, the lamented Duke of Clarence. The infant Prince received the name of Albert, after his father, and Edward, after his maternal grandfather, the Duke of Kent; but "Bertie" he became and has always remained in the family circle. At the conclusion of the ceremony the "Hallelujah Chorus" was sung by the choir at the express wish of the overjoyed father. The same day the Queen held a special Chapter of the Garter to invest the illustrious godfather with the Order.

And so amid general public rejoicing and the delight of happy parents our gracious King made his *début* in this world. Afterwards he was drawn closer within the privacy of that simple, natural home-life with which Victoria surrounded her children. The rule laid down for their upbringing by

the Royal mother was that they "should be brought up as simply as possible, and in as domestic a way as possible; that, not interfering with their lessons, they should be as much as possible with their parents, and learn to place their greatest confidence in them in all things; and," added the Queen, "religious training is best given to a child at its mother's knee."

Next to his parents, those who exercised the greatest influence over the King's opening years were Lady Lytton, the daughter of the late Lord Spencer, a woman of much charm of character, whom the Queen appointed to the supervision of the Royal nursery, and Baron Stockmar, on whose judgment both the Queen and the Prince Consort greatly relied. The "Baron" was an important personage in the background of the Court, called by irreverent wits the "Old Original." He was permitted to sit down to the Royal dinner-table in trousers, while other elderly men shivered in "shorts," and was in many ways a privileged person. The King must have many humorous recollections of the "Baron," to whom he and the Princess Royal carried their childish joys and sorrows, and from whom they at times received admonition. He had been an army physician in the service of Queen Victoria's uncle, the King of the Belgians, who particularly commended him to her confidence. The "Baron" was an eminently wise and sagacious person, and watched the health and the mental development of the Royal children with devoted care. "The nursery," he wrote at this period, "gives me more trouble than the government of a kingdom would do."



So anxious were the Queen and the Prince Consort to give the very best education to their son, that it must be admitted that he was put through rather rigorous discipline, and the sympathetic verses which the trials of "dear little Wales" elicited from *Punch* were not without reason. The Prince's early tutor, Mr. Birch, was succeeded

by Mr. Gibbs, and later by the Rev. Charles Tarver; but his lessons were overlooked even from his earliest years by that strict disciplinarian and cultured scholar, the Prince Consort. Although the Prince of Wales proved an apt learner, he was not by nature a studious boy, and certainly had not the precocious brain of the Princess Royal. He acquired an early fluency in French and German, to which later was added Italian. The King, who takes a great interest in educational questions, has often urged the study of foreign languages upon the modern youth. He mastered an undergraduate's share of Greek, Latin, and mathematics, could play and draw, and his mind was well stored with quotations from standard authors. But the true bent of his powers early shewed itself in his quick interest in the life around him. With his tutors he visited the great towns of the country, went over manufactories and workshops, and even descended into the mines. He also shewed a keen interest in science, and attended Professor Faraday's lectures in London and Dr. Lyon Playfair's chemistry classes at Edinburgh University. A story of this period shews the young Prince's *sang froid*. Dr. Playfair, to impress upon his pupil's mind the harmless action of a certain stage of heat, told him that he might safely thrust his hand into a cauldron of burning lead.

"If you tell me to do it, I will," said the Prince.

"Your Royal Highness may do it with safety," said Dr. Playfair.

Upon this the Prince bared his arm to the elbow, boldly thrust it deep into the white-hot mass, and triumphantly withdrew it unscathed.

At an early age the King received the education which extended travel affords. He accompanied his parents to Ireland, and frequently to Scotland. He knew France and Germany while a mere child, and as a growing youth travelled with his tutors in Italy, Spain and Portugal, and resided for a time in the vicinity of the University of Bonn. He entered Oxford as an under-



PAINTED BY J. SNOWMAN

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA

From an Engraving, by permission of Mackenzie & Co., 95 Yonge Street, Toronto

graduate of Christ Church College in 1859, passing his examination readily. Accompanied by his tutor and three equerries, the Prince lived at Frewen Hall while pursuing his studies at the University. Later he studied at Cambridge, where he was enrolled a member of Trinity, and had his establishment at Madingly Hall, two miles from the town. During the University summer vacation he studied military duty at the camp of Curragh, Kildare.



If the King was very systematically trained, probably few had a happier boyhood than he. The Queen and the Prince Consort provided their children with abundance of healthy amusements. At Osborne each had a garden plot to cultivate, and in the summer-house there the barrow and tools used by the King may still be seen, marked "Bertie." There also stands a mimic fort built by himself and brothers—even to the actual making of the bricks—which was the scene of many stirring battles. While the young Princesses learnt domestic arts in the kitchen of the Swiss Cottage at Osborne, the Princes were instructed in useful trades, that selected by the King being shoemaking. They were paid journeymen's wages for the work they turned out. Abundance of outdoor fun, frolic and sport were indulged in by the Royal children, and on birthdays and festive occasions they enacted little plays before their parents and the Court.

The King is credited with having been a mischievous boy, and the story is told that one day while walking along the shore at Osborne he saw a lad gathering shellfish, and, waiting until his back was turned, ran and upset the basket. The injured owner, on seeing his laborious "haul" scattered around, ran for the culprit with a will and struck him. The young Prince returned the compliment, and was soon engaged in a spirited fight with the fisherboy. Ultimately the combatants were separated by one of the Osborne gardeners, and "Princey," in a rather

battered condition, was led to his father, who had viewed the scene from a distance, and received proper punishment.

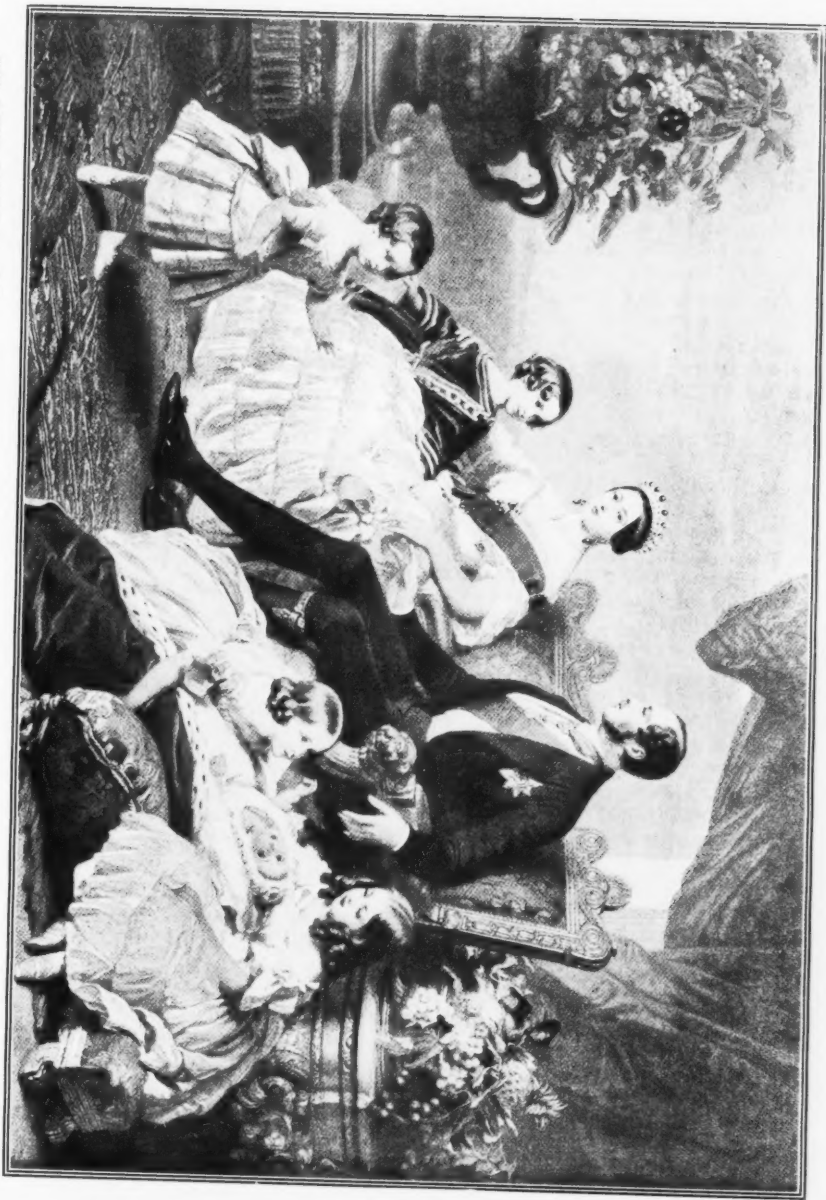
On another occasion, when riding with his father along a country road, the young Prince of Wales either from thoughtlessness or boyish naughtiness, neglected to return the salute of a labouring man. "My son," said the Prince Consort, "go back at once and acknowledge that poor man's civility;" and "Princey" rather crestfallen, had to turn his pony's head, follow the humble wayfarer, and make him a bow. By such wise training was he taught that the meanest of his future subjects was entitled to his polite consideration.

While travelling about the country and at college the same rule was enforced; the Prince was never permitted to presume on his rank. An amusing incident happened when he was going about the provincial towns. A local hotel-keeper, having heard that the Prince and his tutor were in the vicinity, prepared an elaborate guest-chamber. In the evening a gentleman and a smartly-dressed youth asked for lodgings.

"Certainly, sir," said the beaming landlord, and led the way to the prepared apartments, perfectly sure that it was the Heir-Apparent *incognito*.

An hour later two gentlemen and a quietly-dressed youth drove up, and asked for rooms for the night.

"I am so sorry," replied mine host effusively, "but my best rooms are already occupied; the hotel is very full and I can only offer a small room for two and a shakedown on the sofa for the young gentleman." The offer was accepted, and the landlord's feelings can better be imagined than described when in the morning he discovered that he had given his finest room to "Master Jones," and a shakedown to the Heir-Apparent. The tutor was well aware that in permitting his charge to experience the ordinary vicissitudes of travel he was acting in accordance with the wishes of the Queen and the Prince Consort.



THE ROYAL FAMILY IN 1848

FROM THE PAINTING BY WINTERHALTER

At college the young Prince had his undergraduate pranks, and shewed the same disposition as other young men to evade discipline on occasions. While at Oxford he wished to visit London without the knowledge of his tutor. He reached the station, procured his ticket and started on his journey unrecognized, as he thought. But there must have been vigilant eyes about, for when he reached London he found a Royal carriage in waiting to receive him. The attendant footman gravely asked where His Royal Highness wished to be driven. The Prince, equal to the situation, returned answer, "Drive me to Exeter Hall!" He did not specify whether it was a missionary meeting or a revival service which he desired to attend.

On his eighteenth birthday the King received a letter from his mother informing him that he was legally of age, and free from parental control. She spoke in impressive terms of the duty which she and his father had endeavoured to perform, and said that if their government had at times seemed to be severe they had been actuated with loving regard for his good, and had wished to strengthen his judgment against the flattery which would beset him when he took an independent position in the world. The Prince's warm heart was deeply affected by this letter, and he showed it to Gerald Wellesley with tears of emotion. He was now provided with a bachelor establishment at White Lodge, Richmond Park, where he had to live with him several gentlemen rather older than himself, and selected by the Prince Consort.

A few months later he made his memorable journey to Canada and the United States, sailing in the *Hero* with a distinguished retinue, including the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State for the Colonies. He landed at St. John's, Newfoundland, on July 24th, 1860, and from the rugged coast of that then almost unknown island of his future dominions, made a veritable

regal progress through the chief cities of Canada and British North America. It was the first time that an Heir-Apparent to the British Empire had taken a colonial tour, and tumultuous crowds, garlanded streets and loyal addresses met him at every stopping-place. Ladies threw bouquets into his carriage and were ecstatic over his charming smiles and bows. The Prince Consort, writing of the success of the tour, said facetiously that "Bertie was generally pronounced to be the most perfect product of Nature."

The attentions of the ladies sometimes proved embarrassing. At Brantford, on the way to Niagara, while the Prince and his suite were stopping for lunch, his fair admirers managed to get into the Royal dressing-room, with the intention of obtaining the Prince's hat-band. They had noticed that he wore a white hat, but great was their consternation at finding five hats answering to the same description. With woman's wit they disbanded all the hats. When the gentlemen returned to the room the Prince was the first to discover the work wrought by the fair depredators, who had the pleasure of seeing him don his bandless hat with blushing smiles. The two most important public duties performed by the Royal visitor were the opening of the Victoria Tubular Bridge over the St. Lawrence and the laying of the first stone of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa.

In response to the cordial invitation of President Buchanan the Prince extended his tour to the United States. He assumed the *incognito* of Baron Renfrew, but our Republican cousins ignored the Baron and insisted on fêting the Prince. His dancing attracted lively interest, especially as at balls given in his honour he stood up in every dance with a new partner each time. The belles of New York were wild with delight—at least, those who were fortunate enough to secure a dance with the Prince. Apart from all this youthful exuberance and gaiety, there can be little doubt that the visit

KING EDWARD VII AND HIS CONSORT

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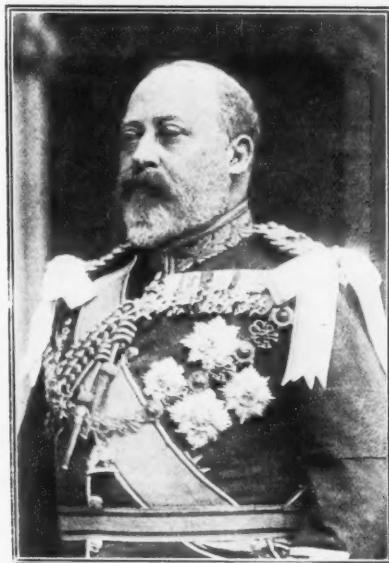
THE KING—AT SEVEN YEARS OF AGE



THE KING—WHEN HE VISITED CANADA



THE KING—ABOUT 45 YEARS OF AGE



THE KING—AS HE IS TO-DAY

paid by the Heir-Apparent greatly increased the good-fellowship between the respective countries. All America honoured the young man who stood bare-headed by the grave of Washington, especially when it was remembered that he was the great-grandson of George III. The President, writing to Queen Victoria, spoke enthusiastically of the good impression created both in public and private by the Prince. That impression has never been effaced, and the many distinguished Americans who will come to see Edward VII crowned will not be unmindful of the gracious part he played in their country when a youth; and it should augur well for the future friendship of the two countries.

“God bless his pretty face and send him a good wife,” was the homely wish expressed by a fisherwoman of Newfoundland when the Prince was there. Shortly after his return home events occurred which brought that wish to fulfilment. Accounts of the exceeding charm and loveliness of the Princess Alexandra of Denmark had reached this country, and a portrait of her having been shown to the young Prince of Wales when he was whiling away a summer's afternoon in company with members of his bachelor establishment at White Lodge, he came to the decision that, if she was as amiable and beautiful as her portrait indicated, she among the Princesses of Europe should be his bride; and from that time he took no interest in the other matrimonial projects which were being discussed by his family. His great-aunt, the late Duchess of Cambridge, was very favourable to the Danish match, the Princess Alexandra being related to her. Queen Victoria's uncle, Leopold I of Belgium, was also in favour of such an alliance. The Prince's parents were desirous that he should follow their excellent example, and marry for love; accordingly it was arranged that he should meet the object of his admiration informally. The Prince went to visit his sister, the then

Crown Princess Frederick of Prussia, and continued his journey to places of interest in the Rhine district. The Princess Alexandra was also taken by her father on an “improving” tour amongst the old German cities. One day—September 24th, 1861—while she was studying the frescoes in the Cathedral of Spiers, the Prince of Wales, with his suite, entered the building with the same laudable intention, but the face of the Princess banished all thought of the frescoes. This chance meeting had the happiest result. Next day the respective travelling parties met again at Heidelberg, and the prospective lovers lunched together. The Prince Consort recorded at this period that, from the accounts he received, “the young people were much taken up with each other,” and that he heard “nothing but good of the Princess Alexandra.”

Had all the eligible Princesses of Europe been passed in review before Queen Victoria, she could not have found one whose upbringing coincided so exactly with her domestic ideal as that of her son's chosen bride. Princess Alexandra was the eldest daughter of Prince Christian of Sonderburg-Glücksburg, who by the Treaty of 1852 was accepted by the Powers as heir to the Danish Throne. At the time of his daughter's engagement he virtually held the position of Crown Prince of Denmark. He had been bred from his youth as a soldier, and was an officer in the Royal Guards. His upright and amiable character won universal respect. He married while quite a young man his pretty cousin the Princess Louise, daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel and of the Princess Charlotte of Denmark. The young couple were established by their family in the modest Gûle Palais, Copenhagen, and there Princess Alexandra was born, December 1st, 1844.

She led a delightfully happy and simple childhood, and was reared in a thoroughly domestic manner by her wise and clever mother, who was

also very artistic and accomplished; the Gûle Palais was filled with her paintings and embroideries. The young Princess was strictly and systematically educated along with her brothers and sisters—Frederick (Crown Prince of Denmark), Dagmar (Dowager-Empress of Russia), George (King of Greece), Thyra (Duchess of Cumberland), and Prince Valdemar, who married Princess Marie of Orleans, and to-day occupies the old Gûle Palais. Masters for special subjects attended daily at the Palais to instruct the young people, and all studies were supervised by their parents. Alexandra, with her eyes of deep Scandinavian blue, glossy brown hair, and brilliant complexion, was the acknowledged beauty of the family, and early showed a taste for personal adornment. The story is told that the music-master one day gave a ring—a mere toy ornament of no value—to the little Alexandra, and for the succeeding days she was discovered by her brothers and sisters trying it on her pretty hand in quiet corners, and was well teased for this bit of vanity.

The ever-youthful grace and beauty of our beloved Queen are largely attributable to the natural training of her youth. She was not pampered by luxury, and her soldier-father insisted that his daughters should share the gymnastic exercises of their brothers, be equally well trained in the saddle, and have a large share of outdoor exercise in the early morning. We may picture the young Princess passing her early years between the Gûle Palais, Copenhagen, and her father's country house of Bernstorff, seven miles distant on the Sound. I have seldom seen a more beautiful spot than this childhood's home of Queen Alexandra, and to which she yet returns year after year. It is a white château embowered in woods, and having a deer-park adjacent. There as a girl she galloped about on her pony, boated, picnicked in the woods, and lived a merry, happy, outdoor life. She was early trained to deeds of charity amongst the people of the neighbouring village of

Gjentofte—which struck me as very English-looking—and attended the rustic church without formality each Sunday. She was piously reared in the Lutheran Protestant faith, and at the age of sixteen was confirmed, along with her eldest brother, in presence of the Royal Family, at the Chapel Royal (*Slotskirken*) Copenhagen, by Pastor Paulli.

Her life was varied by visits to the Palace of Rumpenheim, near Frankfurt, the old seat of her mother's family, and where amongst other Hessian cousins she frequently met Princess Mary of Cambridge (the late Duchess of Teck), and began a friendship which was consummated by the union of their respective children. There was practically no Court life in Copenhagen during the Queen's girlhood, owing to the *mésalliance* of the then reigning King, Frederick VII, with the Countess Danner, and the little experience which she had of the kind was gained in occasional visits to the Belgian Court. She had only reached the age of seventeen when the meeting with the Prince of Wales took place.



The courtship, begun so auspiciously in the autumn of 1861, was clouded by the death of the Prince Consort in the following December, and the sorrowing Queen could not enter into marriage arrangements for her son, who now proceeded on an educative tour to the Holy Land under the guidance of Dr.—afterwards Dean—Stanley. After the return of the Prince of Wales, he joined his mother, who was visiting on the Continent; and at the Palace of Laeken, near Brussels, he was formally betrothed to the Princess Alexandra in the presence of Queen Victoria, Leopold I of Belgium, and the parents of the intended bride, September 9th, 1862.

The news of the betrothal was received in England with universal delight, and the sentiments expressed privately by Lady Palmerston convey the feeling of many people at the time. "I like the idea of a Danish connec-

tion," she wrote; we have had too much of Germany and Berlin and Coburgs, and this is returning to our old friends and a few honest people." Lord Palmerston was then Prime Minister, and made the interesting announcement of the approaching nuptials to Parliament.

There are doubtless many people who might be lacking in memory if suddenly asked the date of their own

Albert, despatched to meet her, and, escorted by a flotilla of British men-of-war, crossed the Channel—truly, a sea-king's daughter magnificently attended!

Early on the morning of March 7th the booming of guns greeted her entry into Margate Roads, and a few hours later people in boats, on steamers, and standing in crowds about the pier gave true British cheers for Denmark's daughter as she stood in a simple



QUEEN ALEXANDRA AS A BRIDE—AGE 19

marriage, but there are few, we fancy, who cannot give on the instant the date of the marriage of our King and Queen. That memorable March 10th, 1863, has sunk deep into the nation's mind and heart. The bride, accompanied by her parents and all her brothers and sisters, left Copenhagen, followed by the affectionate good wishes of her compatriots, and after a brief visit to the Belgian Court embarked for England in the *Victoria and*

white frock on deck beside her mother, looking pleased, yet timid at the uproarious welcome accorded her. The Prince steamed out in his yacht, and, going on board the *Victoria and Albert*, greeted his bride with a lover's kiss ere he conducted her on shore. A bevy of fair maidens strewed flowers on their path, while the pier was festooned with orange-blossoms. The Princess wore a long cloak of purple velvet bordered with sable, and her

fair face looked archly out of a white poke bonnet trimmed with rosebuds. From Gravesend the Royal party proceeded by train to the Bricklayers' Arms Station, where a halt was made for luncheon; and then, entering open carriages, they began that memorable progress through London to Paddington, *en route* for Windsor, when it seemed that every man, woman and child had come out to see the Prince's bride. She passed through the garlanded streets and tumultuous crowds feeling, as she afterwards said, like a

led up to the steps of a throne." Famous pens have described the historic scene. Seldom, indeed, has a wedding called forth so many glowing accounts, or been the subject of so much verse and song, as that of the King and Queen. From Tennyson, Dickens and Thackeray to the humblest versifiers and scribes, all combined to trumpet the magnificence of the occasion—the moving sight of the widowed Queen viewing the scene from the Royal pew overlooking the altar; the interesting figure of the almost boyish



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK, LONDON. HERE THE KING WAS BORN, AND HERE HE AND THE QUEEN WILL HEREAFTER RESIDE

figure in some fairy romance. It was nightfall ere she reached Windsor, and on alighting was clasped, almost fainting with fatigue and excitement, in the arms of the Queen.

On the marriage morn—two days later—the bride looked pale in her white satin and orange-blossoms as she drove with her father to St. George's Chapel. She walked with timid grace very slowly up the nave—"a maiden," wrote Thackeray, "on the bridegroom's threshold, a Princess

bridegroom in the long blue velvet robe of the Garter; and the surpassing loveliness of the bride. After a brief honeymoon, spent at Osborne, the Prince and Princess of Wales returned to London, to take up the arduous social and philanthropic rôle which they were destined to discharge with so much tact and industry for the unprecedented period of thirty-eight years.

It was at a reception at St. James's Palace, on the evening of March 20th,

1863, that the Prince formally presented his bride to the aristocracy. The impression which she created was most favourable, and the extravagant expectations which had heralded her coming were quite fulfilled. The more people saw of her the more popular she became; and it was apparent, as the weeks of the brilliant season passed by, in which she held the Drawing-Rooms on behalf of the widowed Queen, visited the City in state, accompanied the Prince to numerous functions, including the famous Guards' Ball and the unveiling of the Albert Memorial, that she was, to quote the *Spectator*, rapidly becoming "the pet of the nation." Marlborough House, the town abode of the Prince and Princess, soon became a gay social centre. At Sandringham they enjoyed the freedom of country life, and established the cordial relations with the county of Norfolk which remain to-day. There, in the village church of St. Mary Magdalene, the Princess took her first sacrament according to the rites of the English Church on the Easter Sunday after her marriage. It was administered by Dean Stanley.

Frogmore, in the grounds of Windsor Castle, was also used by the Prince and Princess as a country home, and there, on January 8th, 1864, a son was born to them, the lamented Duke of Clarence. The Princess had been in a sleigh on the ice watching the Prince and his friends skating only a few hours before her son was born. The event had not been expected until March, and elaborate preparations had been made for it at Marlborough House. Lady Macclesfield, an experienced mother, was fortunately in attendance on the Princess at Frogmore, and she wrapped the infant Prince in her petticoat until the swathing flannel could be procured from the nearest draper's. The happy parents chose the anniversary of their wedding-day for the christening of their heir, which took place in the presence of Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace. He received the names of Albert Victor Christian Edward. In the June of the

following year another son was added to the Royal nursery, being George, now Prince of Wales.

It was very pretty to see the Queen in those days going about the lanes at Sandringham, or at Abergeldie, where she went with the Prince for the shooting season, walking beside the pony which carried her "treasures," one on either side in a basket pannier. She was a devoted mother, and often would slip away from her guests and go to the nursery to give "Eddy" or "Georgie" his bath, putting on a large apron over her costly dress. There is little doubt that the King and Queen have been indulgent parents, but that their rule has also been wise is demonstrated in the perfect domestic love which has prevailed in their family. Even marriage has not alienated the present Prince of Wales from the companionship of his sisters. Unselfishness was the lesson which the Queen most strictly enforced on her children. The story is related by a visitor at Sandringham that at luncheon one day, which the young Princes and Princesses always took with their parents, the youngest of the group, who had a chair by her mother, had received a dainty morsel. The visitor, in fun, said, "Won't you give that to me?" The little one looked at her plate, then up at her mother, and finally said, half regretfully, "You may have it if you like." The lady was about to decline the proffered piece, when the Princess of Wales said, "Please take it; she must learn to be unselfish."

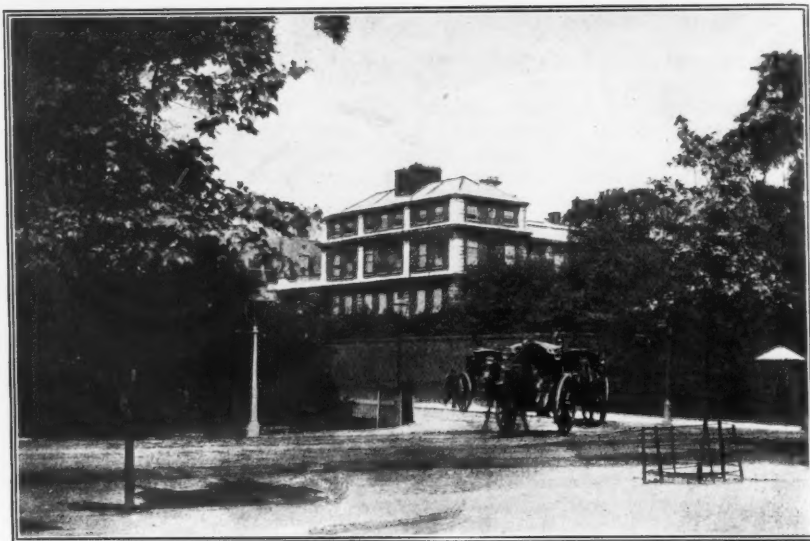
In 1868-9 the King and Queen made a long tour in the East, visiting Alexandria, Cairo, the Cataracts of the Nile, the Pyramids, and returning by way of Constantinople, the Crimea, and Athens. It ranks as the longest and most interesting holiday which they have ever undertaken together. It was planned with a view to re-establishing the health and spirits of the Princess of Wales after the protracted illness from acute rheumatism in the knee-joint from which she had been

suffering. At Cairo the Royal travellers stayed at the beautiful palace of Esbekieh, prepared for them by the Viceroy of Egypt, and furnished with every device of Oriental luxury. The bedsteads were of massive silver. The accounts of their life there read like a chapter from the "Arabian Nights." Slaves in picturesque dress attended their slightest wish. The Princess, with great tact and no little quiet merriment, conformed to the exigencies of the occasion, sipping her black coffee after dinner, and pretending to use the long jewelled pipe prepared for her. She dined in state with the ladies of the harem on two occasions, sitting gracefully upon the floor and eating with her fingers and the aid of a tortoiseshell spoon with a coral handle. She and the Prince shopped in the bazaars, and enjoyed many adventures like ordinary travellers. From Cairo they proceeded on a six weeks' voyage down the Nile, visiting the Cataracts, the most famous Pyramids, the Tombs of the Kings, and other places of interest. The most romantic expedition was to the Temple of Karnak by moonlight. The Princess, dressed in a white flannel costume, rode a white ass caparisoned in red and gold velvet, and the Prince was similarly mounted. They were followed by a cavalcade of fifty persons, consisting of their suites and a company of natives fantastically dressed in loose flowing robes and gay turbans. As they rode up the avenue of Sphinxes to the Temple the wonderful ruin was suddenly illuminated by myriads of magnesium lights, while in the background rockets and fireworks made a grand display. This exhibition had been planned by the Prince as a surprise for his wife. The Nile journey afforded the Prince some good sport, and he had the luck to kill a fine crocodile; while to the Princess it brought great exhilaration. She was the life of the party—riding on a donkey sometimes with only a cushion tied on for a saddle, when nothing else could be procured, and once in the cleverest manner without a saddle at all, and seemed insensible to fatigue and

full of the spirit of adventure. Neither the sand of the Great Nubian Desert, nor the full blaze of an Egyptian sun daunted her, and she explored the mummy-caves and the dark catacombs with unflagging spirit. The party returned to Cairo, and after another sojourn in their Oriental palace left the land of the Pharaohs and proceeded to Constantinople, where the Sultan entertained them in his palace on the Bosphorus. They spent ten days seeing the sights of the beautiful city, and derived much amusement from shopping *incognito* in the bazaars as "Mr. and Mrs. Williams." On the homeward journey the Prince and Princess passed through the Crimea and paid a visit to the tombs of our brave officers and men in Cathcart Cemetery; and proceeded to Greece, where they explored Athens and its neighbourhood along with the Princess's brother, King George. They reached Marlborough House May 12th, 1869, after an absence of six months, and had a happy reunion with their four little children. In the following November their Majesties' fifth and youngest living child, Princess Maud, was born.



The almost fatal illness from typhoid fever which the King suffered just as he attained his 29th year is regarded as marking a turning-point in his career. After his recovery he assumed a more serious role as Heir-Apparent; and, in grateful memory of the universal outburst of affection and loyalty shewn not only at home but throughout every portion of the Empire, devoted himself very assiduously to the promotion of the civic and philanthropic side of the nation's life. The seizure took place at Sandringham in November, 1871, and the crisis was reached on the anniversary of his father's death. For three days previous, hope of his recovery had been almost abandoned, and indescribable excitement prevailed in London. Business was almost suspended, except in the news shops, where people jostled each other to see the latest bulletins.



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, THE KING'S LONDON RESIDENCE WHILE HE WAS PRINCE OF WALES

Meanwhile at Sandringham his mother and wife, and his sister, Princess Alice, kept watch. Prayers were offered up in all the churches. Protestant and Roman Catholic, Greek, Jew, Mohammedan, and Hindu joined in the universal supplication. In the village church at Sandringham the Princess, snatching a brief interval from the sick-room, bowed her head in prayer along with her humble neighbours. By Christmas the Prince was sufficiently recovered for the Princess to make her usual distribution to the schoolchildren, and to himself dictate a message to the people on the estate. A young groom of the household had been attacked with the same disease as his master, and as he lay in his room over the stables a sweet vision came to his bedside. It was the Princess, who had climbed the steep steps bearing some nourishing delicacies. She subsequently attended the poor lad's funeral, and caused to be inscribed on his tomb the words, "The one was taken and the other left."

A day of Public Thanksgiving for the Prince's recovery was observed on February 27th, 1872, when an impressive service, attended by Queen Vic-

toria and all the members of the Royal Family, together with representatives of various national bodies, was held. A few days previous the happy Princess had driven her dear convalescent for his first outing in the Park.

The Prince had long entertained a wish to visit India, and Queen Victoria was equally anxious that he should represent her in that vast country which owned her as ruler. Accordingly the Prince sailed in the *Serapis*, with a distinguished retinue and a veritable cargo of presents for the native Princes. He landed at Bombay, October, 1875, and was received by the Viceroy, Lord Northbrook. A more charming welcome was given him by Hindu young ladies from the Alexandra School, dressed in flowing bright-coloured robes, who strewed flowers before him and advanced bearing garlands of jessamine and singing a loyal anthem. They greeted him with the picturesque words, "I would gladly give up my life for your safety"; and one lovely Parsee, in a robe of pink satin, placed a garland round his neck.

The tour was inaugurated with a

great reception, November 9th, it being the Prince's thirty-fourth birthday. Seated on a silver throne and surrounded by State magnificence which is unknown at St. James's, he received the resplendent Princes and Rajahs. During the four months of his tour the Prince travelled 8,000 miles by land and 2,500 by water, visiting the chief cities of India and many historic spots. Of the various receptions which he held the most brilliant was a Chapter of the Order of the Star of India, when he invested the chief native Princes and that great lady the Begum of Bhopal with the Order. The Begum looked like a ball enveloped in blue silk, it being against Hindoo etiquette for her face and form to be seen.

On his return from India the Prince is reported to have said that he had accomplished the "dream of his life." He has since shewn a keen interest in all Indian questions and is in sympathy with a liberal policy towards the natives of the vast country which now calls him Emperor. The gifts and memorials of the tour were arranged in the Indian room at Marlborough House, and in the *Serapis* room at Sandringham, which is furnished with the belongings of the King's rooms on board the vessel of that name which bore him to and from India. Queen Alexandra did not share this tour, as it was feared the long journeys under the burning heat of an Indian sun would be too trying for her strength.

When, in March, 1888, the King and Queen celebrated their silver wedding, it found them with an unbroken family circle. Prince "Eddy" was a young man of singular amiability of character, dignified and calm when before the public, but showing a good deal of vivacity in private life. He was his mother's son in every respect—strikingly like her in face, manner, and disposition; and the tie between them was exceptionally strong. From the day when his majority was celebrated in good old English style amongst the tenantry at Sandringham,

he had been earnestly endeavouring to fit himself for the great position which he expected one day to fill. He had received an excellent training as a boy on board the *Britannia*, had sailed far and wide in the *Bacchante*, visiting many parts of the Empire; and had finally, after a period at Cambridge, entered the 10th Hussars. He was beginning to take part in public affairs, and gave promise of much beneficent service to the country. When he accompanied his parents on their memorable visit to Ireland in 1885, he won golden opinions by his affability and by the fearless courage he displayed in visiting some of the slums of Dublin. His untimely death at Sandringham, January, 1892, on the eve of his marriage, caused the one bitter drop in the cup of their Majesties' family happiness.

Prince George, to call our popular Prince of Wales by his early title, was cast in a different mould from his elder brother. Though equally well-intentioned, he was beset by the spirit of mischief. Stories still survive in quiet Dartmouth of his pranks when a midgy on the *Britannia*. Pleasure parties on the Dart would sometimes find their boat nearly capsized by a smart little craft suddenly darting across their path. Tableau: Infuriated action on the part of nervous old gentlemen, and profuse apologies from a young midgy with laughing face and mischievous blue eyes! The Prince of Wales is a born sailor, with all the "handy man's" adroitness and good spirits. He can tell a yarn, play the banjo, and is very easy and affable in manner. Wild-duck shooting is his favourite sport, and he spends long days on the Norfolk marshes, where he has a decoy, lunching in the simplest style at one of the cottages near. He is a good man of business, and while Duke of York kept a strict eye on the expenditure of his households at York Cottage, Sandringham, and York House, St. James's. When shortly after his marriage he found that he was being charged on the "liberal" scale which pertained to his father's establishments, he, with commendable

outspokenness, told those who served him that York Cottage was not Sandringham House, and he could only afford to pay ordinary prices.

He has travelled far and observed much, has the Prince, and his statesmanlike speech at the Guildhall Banquet, when the City welcomed him back from his great tour of the Empire, shewed not only that he had developed into an admirable speaker, but that he is keenly alive to the best interests of the country. After visiting again the Colonies which he knew when he cruised in the *Bacchante* a quarter of a century ago, he was able to gauge their growing importance and enterprise, and his admonition to the old country "to wake up" was not given without knowledge.

His marriage in July, 1893, to the popular Princess "May" of Teck has fulfilled the most favourable expectations. Reared in the best traditions of the Victorian Court, by a mother whose gracious dignity and good nature had endeared her to all classes, the Princess of Wales promises to be a good successor in the rôle played by Queen Alexandra. So long as they were simply younger members of the Royal Family the Prince and Princess of Wales lived unostentatiously, and were always ready to undertake any public duties required of them; but their recent tour has shewn that they are capable of performing individual parts with distinction. Their charming children, Prince Edward, Prince Albert, Princess Victoria, and Prince Henry, are rapidly taking the place in the nation's heart and interest which their father and his brother and sisters held years ago, and their engaging ways are a constant amusement to the King and Queen. Prince Edward is quite to the manner born, and a child of precocious intelligence. It is necessary to put a check on him. As an example of the clever things which he is always saying in the most unconscious manner, we may quote the following. Shortly after the death of the late Queen he said to a lady visiting the Royal nursery, "Do you think that

'Granny' is quite happy in heaven?"

"Yes, dear," she replied. "Do you not think so?"

Prince Edward hesitated, and then said gravely: "I am not quite sure, because here Granny was before everybody, but in heaven she will have to walk behind the angels."

Their Majesties' daughters were a trio of happy little girls, always dressed alike, and seen everywhere with their mother, and they have developed into charming Princesses, who will give additional interest to the King's Court, for marriage has only slightly separated them from their parents. The eldest, Princess Louisa, made a happy marriage with the Duke of Fife in 1899, and has two pretty little daughters, the Ladies Alexandra and Maud Duff, who absorb a great deal of her attention. The Duchess is winning and very bright in manner, though of a somewhat retiring disposition. She is a good cyclist, but salmon-fishing is her particular hobby, and she gets good sport in the Dee when at Mar Lodge. She thoughtfully distributes her "catches" amongst needy people and philanthropic institutions in the neighbourhood.

The Princess Victoria is her mother's devoted companion, and is homekeeping in her tastes. She is universally beloved at Sandringham for her kindness to the old and suffering, and is particularly amiable and unselfish to everyone. Delicate health, the result of repeated attacks of influenza, inclines her to a quiet life. The Princess is artistic, and she both rides and cycles well, and sometimes plays golf. She is tall and fair, and very sweet-looking. Rumour has often been busy planning a marriage for Princess Victoria; but she seems disinclined to leave home, and finds delight in being a devoted "auntie" as well as daughter. Her sprightly sister, Princess Maud, who made a love-match with her cousin Prince Charles of Denmark in 1896, bears the nickname of "Harry" amongst her brothers and sisters, because of her love of outdoor sports. She is a fearless rider, a very expert

cyclist, and loves nothing better than to lead a country life at Appleton Hall, near to Sandringham, which the King gave her on her marriage. Part of her time is spent in Copenhagen each year while Prince Charles is discharging his duties as an officer in the Danish Navy. The Princess is pretty, witty, vivacious, and the most individual of the King's daughters.

During recent years their Majesties, as Prince and Princess of Wales, continued with unabated zeal the routine of stone-laying and institution-opening and fulfilling the calls of society, varied by periods of quietude at their loved Norfolk home or visits abroad. It has always been the Queen's habit to spend some weeks of each year in her loved fatherland, living again the old life with her parents at Bernstorff, and enjoying family reunions at the lovely Palace of Fredensborg, on the blue waters of Esrom. In the autumn of 1898 she was summoned, while nursing the King after the injury to his knee from an accidental fall, to the death-bed of her beloved mother. This was the first break in the Queen's parental circle, if we exclude that of her brother-in-law, the late Czar. During this later period of their long and indeed unique career as Prince and Princess of Wales they did much arduous work in connection with the Jubilee and Diamond Jubilee of the revered Sovereign. Never before has an heir-apparent witnessed two such celebrations.

When, on that memorable evening of January 22nd, 1901, the good and great Queen breathed her last, the King entered upon his heritage with a long record of personal service to the country behind him, given with ungrudging industry and good temper; while his beautiful Queen already reigned in all hearts as the friend of the poor and suffering.

The King is noted for his keen insight into affairs, business-like action, and a desire to have everything about him "just so," if one may use a col-

loquialism. If he steers the ship of State with the same precision with which he has managed his Norfolk estate it should sail smoothly. There is no vacillation about him. He knows exactly what he wants, gives an order clearly, and expects to see it executed *instantly*. At Sandringham he rises early, breakfasts alone, and is transacting business by nine o'clock, often walking at a quick pace over the grounds, accompanied by his faithful blind dog "Peter," as he gives orders. Nothing escapes his vigilant eye, and there are no laggards in his employ. His gardens, pheasantry, and horse-breeding studs are kept in a great state of perfection. I think it may be said that the King's great hobby is being a country gentleman. Shooting parties have been a marked feature at Sandringham, and the woods nearest to the Hall are always "shot" on his birthday. Much of the activity which he has displayed at his Norfolk home will now be transferred to Windsor Castle and estate, which already knows that it has a master. The King has shown a keen interest in education, housing questions, and other topics pertaining to modern social work, and had he been a man in private life would have made a good chairman of the London County Council.

At Marlborough House, the centre of his public activities, the same exactitude prevailed. He was at work early, and throughout the morning received callers on business matters. Not infrequently at these audiences he held a large cigar between his fingers, taking an occasional smoke as he talked and walked about the room. He wrote his private letters at a high desk, of which he always carried the gold key on his person. Directions to his private secretaries, or to Sir Dighton Probyn, Comptroller of the Household, were frequently spoken through a telephone fixed in his room. The King shows his modern business spirit by permitting his secretaries to send typewritten letters, a thing which Queen Victoria never allowed. The routine of Marlborough House neces-

sarily became more formal after His Majesty's accession, and much time had to be given to receiving Ambassadors and Ministers. Before the Coronation the King will have left the House in Pall Mall, so long associated with him, for Buckingham Palace, where elaborate arrangements have been made for the most prompt and efficient means of transacting business, and also for the keeping of a brilliant Court.

Although very exact on matters of etiquette, the King is jovial with his friends, and likes to know clever and successful men in the world of finance as well as in art and letters. Many stories are told of his unassuming kindness. I have heard a gentleman relate that one Sunday afternoon, when strolling in the Zoological Gardens, he was searching his pockets and lamenting to a friend that he feared he had left his cigar-case at home. "Pray take one from my case," said a friendly voice at his elbow. The offer was gratefully accepted, and not until afterwards did the gentleman discover that the doer of the courteous act was the then Prince of Wales.

The Queen is thoroughly artistic in her taste. She loves music, flowers, statuary, quaint ornaments, embroidery, and all things which appeal to a refined sense of beauty. She is not at all bookish, and relies for information as to what is going on largely upon conversation in the family circle. The opera is her favourite amusement. Her pastimes consist of sketching, photography and pianoforte playing. She is extremely fond of country life, and when at Sandringham rides her new horse "Violet," drives her ponies "Beau" and "Belle," or goes walking with her dogs. Her love of pet animals amounts to a passion, and her Japanese spaniel "Billy" goes everywhere with her; while in her dressing-room are singing birds and a pet dove. She visits the stables and kennels once a week, generally on Sunday afternoon, accompanied by members of her family, and feeds and pets the horses and dogs, all of whom know her voice and footstep. The Queen has a won-

derful power over animals. Golf and croquet are amongst Her Majesty's recent out-of-door games, but she has never cared for tennis.

The Queen's interest in philanthropy is well known, but few realize perhaps the personal interest she will take in cases which have aroused her sympathy. She is lavish in her generosity, and very impulsive when her feelings are touched. To the cottagers around her Norfolk home she has been for long years a true fairy godmother, especially to the old people and little children. Ever since she came as a bride she has entertained the school-children from Sandringham and the neighbouring parishes of the King's estate at the Hall on her birthday. On these occasions she and the Princesses wait on the little guests, and play with them, and often the Queen may have been seen tying up cake in a child's handkerchief for it to carry home. She is a great advocate for technical education in the rural districts, and takes a personal interest in each of the girls and boys attending the schools which she has established at Sandringham, and which she visits almost daily when at home.

Hospitals and kindred institutions have had good friends in the King and Queen. Numberless instances are on record of the personal interest taken by Her Majesty in patients who have specially attracted her sympathy. Not long since, when visiting the London Hospital, she heard that a young girl in one of the wards was grieving because she could not attend a concert being held. The Queen went with the matron to the side of the girl's cot, spoke some cheery words, gently stroked her forehead, and ere she left stooped and kissed the sad young face. Deeds like these, simple in themselves, sink deep into the nation's heart, and are a happy augury for the reign just begun, when beside the throne is ever this sweet, womanly influence. Never before has the role of Queen Consort possessed greater possibilities.

"And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their
powers."

SHOULD THE CONSTITUTION BE AMENDED?

By John C. Brown, New Westminster, B.C.

THE question, "Should the Constitution be amended?" is again suggested by the case which British Columbia has formulated in support of its demand for "better terms," and it is here proposed to use that case by way of illustration in support of the opinion that there is a radical error in the Constitution; and, further, that the error should be eliminated as speedily as possible in order that certain barriers may be removed out of the path of our national progress and certain dangerous causes of friction done away with.

Roughly summarized, the case of British Columbia is, that its proper proportionate contribution to the revenue of the Dominion would have been, for the period since the Province entered the Confederation (1871), two per cent. of the total of that revenue, whereas its actual contribution has been five per cent., and that Dominion expenditure on account of the Province has not been at all in the same proportion. To put it in another way: Looking to the whole of Canada, the central authority has returned to the people in expenditures (the debt of the Dominion having largely increased since 1871) much more than it has taken from the people in taxation; but, confining the view to British Columbia, the reverse has been true; there has been taken from the people of that Province in taxation, by the central authority, some \$13,000,000 or \$14,000,000 more than has been returned to them in expenditures. The Pacific Province has become a "milch cow" for the Dominion.

A full statement of the case thus summarized is contained in a "Memorandum *re* Financial Relations" presented to the Government at Ottawa, over a year ago, by the Premier of British Columbia.* Partial statements have frequently been printed by Provincial newspapers, but in the document

cited the whole case is gone into minutely. Absolute accuracy is not claimed, but that the "balance of inaccuracies," if it may be so expressed, will be in favour of the Province seems certain from the fact, which the memorandum points out, that while large purchases of goods which have paid duty in the Atlantic Provinces are made by British Columbia, no counterbalancing purchases of dutiable goods to be consumed in Eastern Canada are made in the Pacific Province. The memorandum is much too long for full quotation here, but the following excerpts will fairly indicate its scope. ("The present year" is 1901, the memorandum having been written early in that year):

"Important public undertakings, such as through lines of railways, canals, coast protection and marine service, are national, and are not chargeable locally. It is pointed out elsewhere, with the exception of the construction of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the Province, all such matters are included in the statement, in order that it may be made as full and fair to the Dominion as possible. It is also pointed out that no distinction is made as to public works charged to capital, and those charged to revenue, which, if done, would materially lessen the annual expenditure debited to the Province.

... It may be held that, as the Canadian Pacific Railway was originally built in conformity with one of the Terms of Union with British Columbia, it was specially for its benefit and that a share of the cost should be charged to the Province. This is untenable.

... In the same way it would be unfair to Ontario to charge to its account the great cost of canals built in and through it.

The total amount expended by the Dominion in the Province up to 1st July, 1901—estimating the expenditure for the present year—will have been \$28,968,091; the total contributed by British Columbia to the Dominion during the same period will have been \$42,475,349, leaving a balance in favour of the Province of over \$13,500,000. The expenditures in the Province include the \$750,000 paid to the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway Company as a subsidy, and all the other railway subsidies; the debt of the Province assumed by the Dominion in 1872 and interest on the same, and everything else* directly or indirectly con-

* Including, of course, the subsidies, etc., payable to the Province under the Terms of Union.—J. C. B.

* B.C. Sess. Papers, 1901, pp. 563 *et seq.*

nected with the Province, which has been paid for by the Dominion."

Tabular statements* showing Dominion expenditure on account of, and revenue contributed to the Dominion by the Province, year by year since 1872, are included in the Memorandum. Under "Expenditure" there are 38 heads; under "Revenue," 27.

Lord Watson† and others have pointed out that the object of the British North America Act was neither to weld the provinces into one nor to subordinate provincial governments to a central authority; but when the central authority is so exercised that the revenues from one province, which needs all its resources, are used to reduce the debt of the Dominion, while that debt is swelled by expenditures in other, and less needy, provinces, it must be evident (even if there were no other illustrations, and there are many) that the provincial independence and autonomy which, Lord Watson tells us, were intended to be preserved by the Constitution, are not preserved: that the theory of the Constitution and the practice of the Dominion Government (that is, of the central authority) are widely at variance.

Lord Watson's dictum presents to the mind the picture of a Dominion consisting of a group of autonomous provinces, each working out its own political salvation after the manner of free peoples; while a central authority prescribes regulations for matters in which uniformity is essential (the postal service, e.g.); adjusts interprovincial relations and fosters the national spirit. This is a rough outline sketch of the Dominion, as the Constitution, its interpreters tell us, intended it to be. The Dominion as we have it is a country in which the tendency is more and more to add to the power of the central authority and to reduce the provincial governments to the status of municipal councils. We have a continual conflict, more or less pronounced, of authority and responsibility, while the manifest evils of a di-

vided jurisdiction (such as waste and circumlocution) are more rather than less emphasized as time goes on. The provinces are hampered and circumscribed to an extent that must seriously retard their development; while the central authority, attempting to manage administrative details in such a "far-flung" territory as ours, is peculiarly liable to suffer from corruption and incompetence.

A good deal might be said about certain provisions of the Constitution other than those here particularly dealt with—such as the disallowance power and the "general advantage of Canada" provision—which, to say the least, seem calculated to put difficulties in the way of working out the Constitution according to the interpretation of the law lords; but the present purpose is served when it is pointed out that Canada cannot possibly become what it should become as a nation unless either the practical working of the Constitution is made to accord with the theory, or the theory is so changed that it will be necessary—in order to get the practice into accord with it—simply to push that practice at once and openly to its logical conclusion. We must have such amendment of the Constitution as will give us either provincial autonomy fully developed, or the unquestioned and complete authority of a central government; a mosaic of both will not do.

The latter plan has been already condemned by inference, nor does it seem worth while to discuss it seriously. One might almost as sensibly suggest a repetition of the disastrous experiment of crown-colony government.

The great barrier in the way of adopting the former plan is that radical error in the Constitution which it is the purpose of this article to point out. That error is in the fiscal and related provisions. All revenues should be paid into the provincial treasuries, and the central authority should be maintained by subsidies (per capita) from the provinces.

It may be objected at the outset that this would simply substitute a new set

* B.C. Sess. Papers, 1901, pp. 568A, 568B.

† 61 L. J., P. C., page 77.

of difficulties for those which we have. That the working out of the details would present a good deal of difficulty is, of course, true; but the difficulties incidental to the starting and working out of a sound system are always possible of adjustment, while the difficulties which arise, as do those from which we suffer, out of the clashing of incompatible systems, are hopelessly chronic; and if the position here taken—that the provinces which form the Dominion suffer under the Constitution as it is—is correct, it follows that amendment of the Constitution is a prerequisite to the full prosperity of the Dominion.

Reverting now to the case used in illustration: The statements already quoted show a balance in favour of the Province, July 1, 1901, of thirteen and a half millions of dollars. To-day, the balance will be fully fifteen millions.* At present British Columbia, although saved from stagnation, even forced ahead a little, by its enormous natural wealth, is practically marking time; checked, fettered, hampered, by sheer inability to undertake those public works which, in a country of rugged physical features and "magnificent distances," are essential to the development of its resources. It has a net debt of eight or nine millions, and a revenue (provincial) barely sufficient for current expenses of administration. Suppose its credit balance paid over to it and an arrangement entered into that the Dominion should in future retain, of the revenue it received from British Columbia, only what was required for expenditures on account of the Province, plus a contribution of, say, half a million annually towards central government and legislation—what would be the difference in the position and prospects of the Province? It could pay off its whole indebtedness, devote a surplus of some six millions to public works, and have for ordinary ex-

penditure a revenue about seventy-five per cent. larger than that which it now commands. Such conditions would mean prosperity without precedent—progress by leaps and bounds.

It may be said that British Columbia entered the Confederation under certain Terms of Union, and that its position is the result simply of the working out of those Terms; that the Constitution does not come into the question. But the Terms were framed under, were an outgrowth of, the Constitution; and the Constitution is condemned by the fact that such a condition has arisen under it.

It is foreign to the purpose of this article to dwell upon British Columbia's claim for "better terms"; the object is rather to point out that these recurring claims for better terms are but symptoms of a disease the root of which is in the Constitution itself. That Constitution, being an act of parliament and not a growth of tradition and precedent, can be amended, even radically, without serious disturbance of the body politic. That it should be amended seems to be proved by the facts set forth in this article, taken in conjunction with previous parallel cases. No statesman should rest satisfied with a written Constitution, the history of which has been a history of continual friction, punctuated by a recurring necessity for empirical readjustments of the relations between the whole commonwealth and its component parts.

Under the Constitution as it should be—as, according to the law lords, it is in theory—many things which now cause friction, jealousy, waste, circumlocution, would be done away with; government would be simplified and its direct cost reduced; the provinces, nerved by a larger independence, steadied by a greater responsibility, would develop a higher and healthier type of public life; the central government, relieved of much petty detail and enjoying a larger immunity from the evils of corruption and incompetence, would be set free to give deeper attention to those questions of higher

*The tables already cited (pp. 568A, 568B, B.C. Sess. Papers, 1901), show that the Dominion now receives from the Province yearly about \$2,000,000 more than it expends on account of the Province.—J.C.B.

politics which become increasingly pressing and important as science and invention, annihilating space and time, contract the world: the national spirit would be fostered; national prosperity would be largely increased; Canada would no longer be called upon to deplore, after each decennial census, a meagre percentage of increase in wealth and population.

One can easily foresee objections. There are those who habitually see lions in every path except the one to which they are accustomed. There are those to whom our thirty-five-year-old Constitution has already become a fetish. Then there are, of course, real difficulties. But the Constitution itself is an attempt to overcome just such difficulties.

Declared to be "similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom," the Constitution was in fact an attempt to graft upon its supposed model certain

features of the Constitution of the United States. Excellent in theory, it has, none the less, failed under the test of practical working. Surely a frank acknowledgment of that failure and an honest effort to amend the Constitution—a work to which can be brought the experience of thirty-five years—is better and manlier than to stumble along from one readjustment to another. In these days, when every other science is pressing on to perfection, why should the science of government lag behind? The prison cell or the gallows would await the surgeon who dared to treat the physical body as it was treated fifty—even thirty—years ago. Shall the body politic continue to suffer under antiquated and unscientific treatment? Shall statesmen alone remain untouched by the progressive spirit of the age? Shall it be held wiser to risk a revolution than to dare the making of a precedent?

PERILS OF ELOQUENCE

WITH THE DIFFERENT FORMS THROUGH WHICH A SPOKEN PARAGRAPH RUNS BEFORE IT APPEARS IN PRINT

By Robert C. Dunbar

BY the majority of readers a newspaper report of a speech is taken as a direct message to them from the lips of the speaker. Nothing is thought of the men who have toiled the night through to lay that message by the breakfast plate. The message lies there, neatly headed, indexed and pigeon-holed into its proper column, but since leaving the speaker's lips it has encountered grave perils and assumed many disguises; it has been twice reduced to a skeleton, written in shorthand, in longhand, in telegraphic dots and dashes, typewritten, cast in single lines of type, carried about in pieces on little brass trays, moulded in paper, cast in solid metal, printed, folded, cut, pasted and hurled at the

front door, all between midnight and daylight. Should the speaker, in his beauty sleep, dream of all the drawing and quartering and boiling and melting to which his winged words are being subjected he would despair of ever seeing them in print.

To follow a few sentences from plat-form to breakfast table will give some idea of the perfection of the newspaper system and the innumerable chances of error to guard against which is the primary duty of every newspaper man. In Canada there are so few large centres of population that the great dailies are practically dependent on their own staffs for full reports of such events as political meetings in whatever part of the Province they may be held. A re-

porter on a great morning paper must be ready at all times to start for any part of the Province on 10-minutes' notice, and usually from one to six members of the staff are scattered over the country. Our papers devote so much attention to political reporting that it may be taken as typical of Canadian newspaper work and a passage taken at random from a political speech will best illustrate the routine of news gathering.

The passage selected as uttered by the speaker would be written in shorthand in this form:—

but it is nearer the truth than to say that the shorthand represents all the sounds uttered by the speaker. "Ftz" represents more nearly the opening of a soda water bottle than "if it was," and "Iz oo biz" differs materially from "I was too busy," for which it is the shorthand form. Shorthand without an alert memory, close attention and common sense, is worse than useless. The slightest error may change the meaning of a word or an entire sentence. A too erect "R" becomes an "S." This caused a reporter to make Mr. Goldwin Smith say that he had

A PARAGRAPH OF A POLITICAL SPEECH AS IT APPEARS IN THE REPORTER'S NOTE BOOK

It is generally supposed that shorthand is a system of writing by which every sound is represented. There could not be a greater mistake than this; shorthand's chief economy is omission, and what it suggests is of more importance than what it actually represents. For instance, the characters for which the shorthand equivalents are here used are:

i wntd tt stmnt fr nthr prps. I
bld ntr ftz tr ts ntr pn a nu er o
dvl. im a cndn b brth, a ntv o
prvns ntr. i lkd vr fld. s md fr
16 rs m tim fl kpd w rk o dkshn
prps sm o ulsa iz oo biz."

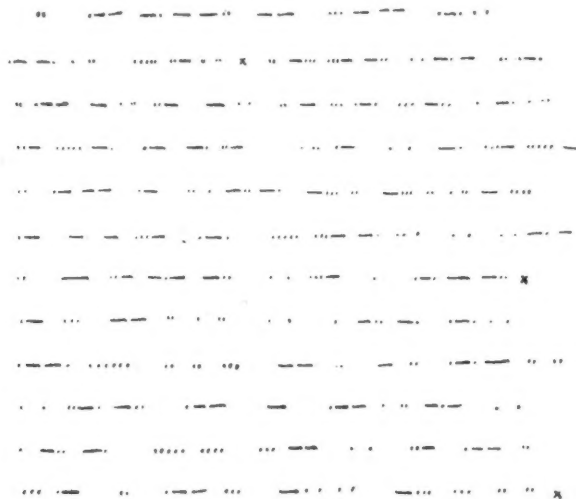
This, perhaps, is not a fair representation of the shorthand, for other characters are suggested by ingenious devices too intricate to explain here,

spent many years in the "asylum," instead of in the "realm" of our Lady of the Snows. There is simply no limit to the possible causes of error in shorthand reporting. A burst of applause may drown the close of a sentence, conversation behind him may throw the reporter out, even inability to see the speaker's gestures may prove disastrous, as happened at Bowmanville a few years ago. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in an impassioned peroration, declared that the epitaph he desired was "Here lies a man who gave the best of his life and the whole of his heart to making Canada a united country." That was no time for the reporter to sit back and admire the outstretched downward arms with which the Premier seemed to cast from him the weight of years, nor the one emphatic gesture at the

words "the whole of his heart"; he could rely only on the sound, keeping his eyes fixed on his hopping pencil point, with the result that he made Sir Wilfrid's epitaph read "a man who gave the best of his life and *his soul and* his heart to making Canada a united country." As Sir Wilfrid has never disclaimed the desire to sacrifice his soul for his country's good the injury done him by the reporter cannot have been serious.

Sir Richard Cartwright has been so long in public life that little things do not disturb him; but even he protested when his scholarly quotation from

have in Canada not half a dozen public men whose speeches will bear verbatim reporting. This must be done rapidly, for the last line should be "fyled" two hours after midnight, or there will be one more of the world's great orations lost to posterity. From the reporter the speech goes to the telegraph operator, sometimes page by page. Here, again, between first-class stations, as, for instance, between the House of Commons and the private wire into a newspaper office, only the barest skeleton of the speech is sent. In heavily "coded" telegraphy the illustration would sound like this:



A PARAGRAPH OF A SPEECH AS IT WOULD APPEAR IN "CODED" TELEGRAPHY

Themistocles was attributed to Peter Mitchell.

The shorthand is transcribed into longhand of varying degrees of legibility, and it is here that the reporter's judgment and experience are of importance. A two hours' speech will fill eighteen columns of a newspaper, and he must condense that into two, three or four columns without omitting anything new or important, infusing grammar into unfortunate sentences, rearranging clumsy forms, supplying synonyms for repeated words—for we

The letters represented by these dots and dashes are: "i wntd tt stm fo anr pur. i bvd ont if iw tru to itsf sd enr upon a nw era of dvpt. i am a cdn bi birth a ntv f prov of Ont. I lukd ove t fld. as min o edu fo 16 ys egd w t wrk o edn ph sm o u wi sa i ws too bsy."

Thus it will be seen that the telegraphic contractions differ but slightly from those employed by the stenographer, but they are purely arbitrary.

Telegraphers are sometimes ingenious in the errors they commit. A re-

cognized period sign in shorthand and printing is an "X." Ignorance of this rule caused an eastern province operator to send an entire speech of Sir Charles Tupper's in one sentence, connected by 50 "ands." The error passed unnoticed by editor and proof-reader, and Sir Charles' speech appeared in print in one magnificent sentence of 1,000 words. The morning after a recent meeting an operator was found eagerly scanning the paper, rejoiced to find that what he had twice sent as "dwotted" had been recognized as "devoted," and that the expression he had longingly idealized into "beer trade" came out as "foreign trade." Every reporter regrets the necessity of keeping an operator at work for six or seven hours of the night, but seldom as poignantly as in the case of a handsome young man in Western Ontario, who sent 2,000 words between the loving caresses of a pretty girl perched on his desk. The pity turned to righteous indignation when the girl's cruel brothers carried her off home and the operator fell into so peaceful a slumber that it became necessary to shake him and shout every word of copy into his ear.

Extended reports are usually received by an operator of the telegraph company stationed in the newspaper office, so that no time is lost in carrying messages from the telegraph office, and the copy is handed to the night editor uncreased and neatly typewritten, for it is not possible to transcribe by hand a coded telegraph message sent at the rate of 60 words a minute.

The night editor, or telegraph editor, must read every word that passes through his hands to guard against errors, libel suits, or worst of all, misspelled names. A man will forgive a newspaper anything except putting a "t" in his name if he is not that sort of a Johnson, or vice-versa. A perfect night editor may yet be born but he will not live long. He will know all the languages, geography, shorthand, telegraphy, agriculture, law, art, science, every trade, all religions, and every man's initials; he will never tire,

never forget, never relax, and never swear. It is his duty to carefully edit the despatch, put in "sub-heads" at convenient intervals, write a heading for it and send it, piece by piece, to the foreman of the composing or type-setting room. The foreman glances through it, marks it with a guide number, divides it into convenient quantities, and distributes it to half-a-dozen type-setters who "set it up" on a machine of marvellous ingenuity, exactly as they would typewrite it. From this machine it comes in the form of solid lines of type, each a column wide, cast by the machine. These are taken by the printer's devil on "galleys"—brass trays three feet long and a foot wide—and placed in another machine, a hand-press, with which an impression or proof is "pulled." The proof, with the corresponding batch of copy is taken to the proofreader, while the galley is placed upon a table or "bank" to await correction. The proofreader takes the proof and his assistant, or copyholder, the copy, and one or the other of them reads aloud, while the proofreader marks on the margin of the proof any corrections that may be necessary. The proof is returned to the compositor, whose number has been placed at its head, and he resets the lines in which errors have been marked. The new lines, with the proof, are handed to another printer, who hunts up the galley, picks out the bad lines, reading the shining type backwards and upside down, and substitutes the corrected lines. The passage in this form, as the accompanying cut will show, is not easily read by the uninitiated.

"I am a poor fellow,"
of education, perhaps some of you will
say, time will occupy with the work
master of education for sixteen years.
Ontario. I looked over the proof. As
the printer, a sample of the progress of
the of development. I am a Canadian
true to itself, should enter upon a new
business. I believed Ontario, it is not
...I wanted that statement for another

THE PARAGRAPH AS IT APPEARS TO THE
TYPE-SETTER. HE COMMENCES AT THE BOT-
TOM AND READS UP

Then another proof is pulled and sent to the reviser, who compares it with the original proof, sees that the corrections have been properly made, reads the lines above and below the correction to see that the right line has been replaced, and sends back his revise with his corrections marked on the margin. New lines are printed for these, the galley is again hunted up, and the corrections inserted. Then a revised proof is pulled and sent to the night editor for final revision.

This is not the last of the speech's perils. It has still to pass through the hands of the "make-up man," whose duty it is to place it in the columns of the pages to which it has been assigned by the news-editor, who allots space and supervises the entire news service. The "make-up" man has exceptional opportunities for causing trouble. He must read the glaring reversed type, pick it up by the handful and fit it into place, place the proper heading over it, and do everything backwards. Occasionally paragraphs are reversed or placed in the wrong column, a politician's speech may be put in the mouth of his bitterest opponent. Once a dozen June weddings were placed under the heading "many failures." His errors are fatal; there is

no correcting them, for on papers on this continent proofs of pages are not pulled and revised as they are in England.

As each page is made up it is wheeled off to the stereotyping room, where in an immense steam-heated letter-press a cast is taken of it in prepared paper. This is placed in a half-cylindrical mould and a metal cast made of it. This is filed, trimmed, fluted and sent down an elevator to the press-room in the basement, where it is bolted on the proper cylinder to await the crucial moment when the last page has "gone," the lever is touched and the throbbing press throws out a steady stream of perfect newspapers, each containing, wedged in among 40,000 or 100,000 other words that have run simultaneously through the same perilous course, the words:

"I wanted that statement for another purpose. I believed Ontario, if it was true to itself, should enter upon a new era of development. I am a Canadian by birth, a native of the Province of Ontario. I looked over the field. As Minister of Education for sixteen years, my time fully occupied with the work of education, perhaps some of you will say, I was too busy."

LOVE IS LIKE A ROSE

LOVE is like a rose,
One my fancy chose,
Sleeping, folded round with green,
Crimson, touched with dewdrop's sheen,
Love is like a rose.

Love is like a rose,
One my heart well knows,
Op'ning, glowing 'neath my smile,
Gathered to my heart awhile,
Love is like a rose.

Love is like a rose,
Tend'rest flower that blows,
Waking with the morning sun,
Fading ere the day is done,
Love is like a rose.

Isabel E. Mackay

THE ANIMUS OF '76

A STUDY OF THE UNITED STATES BY A CANADIAN RESIDENT

By Charles Lampman

YOUR Uncle Samuel is a creature of many moods. To-day he is engaged in entertaining in the most lavish manner an English sportsman or a German prince; to-morrow he is engaged in disputing the well-founded and sincere neighbourly disposition of his closest national associates. This moment he is absorbed in the exploitation of vast schemes for the national aggrandizement; the next he is wearing his blackest frown, daring the world to interfere in his plans. Recent events illustrate the facility with which the American people change front. They likewise emphasize the unfaltering hatred of Great Britain which exists in the United States. Time has had no mollifying influence upon the animus of '76. The latent spirit of the Revolution is ever ready to burst into flame and create a bonfire around which great men of the nation dance and to which the public school teachers point Young America as an occupation most patriotic and proper to emulate. If there is one thing above another which gives your Uncle Samuel paramount satisfaction it is the opportunity—of late very frequently presented—to resent with characteristic bluster the allegations of British friendliness to the United States.

Perhaps no event of recent years has so surely and specifically exhibited the readiness of the American people to discredit the good intentions of Great Britain as their joyous acceptance of the report that it was European and not British influence which deterred the Powers from intervening in the Spanish-American war. No matter that the report came from a source inimical to England; it was double-leaded by many leading newspapers and printed under conspicuous headlines as one of the more important news items of the day. Editorial comment supplemented the news (?)

and invited the public to accept the cabled statement as the true recital of what occurred when the Powers considered Spain's request for intervention. In direct violation of the first principles of honesty and fairness the incident exemplifies the true United States spirit, which is anti-British to the greatest extreme. It is impossible to conceive of any pre-arrangement for this national reception of the French cablegram; rather, it must be accepted as the spontaneous overflow of the American desire to seize every opportunity to minimize the neighbourly act, one which, had it been offered by any other of the Great Powers, would have excited the keenest admiration and most enthusiastic respect.

"Twisting the Lion's tail" is a favourite occupation of the American politician. Congressman Wheeler distinguished himself on the floor of Congress recently by a bitter attack on the President because the head of the nation had appointed a delegation to represent the United States at the coronation of Edward VII. "We have made ourselves a laughing-stock at every court in Europe," he said, "because of our flunkeyism, our truculency and the disgraceful sycophancy of the representatives of the Republic at the feet of Great Britain, and now when it serves the purpose of some other great nation, the pitiable spectacle is disclosed of us hugging to our bosoms during the last five years a nation that has systematically and persistently attempted to destroy the liberties of the American people ever since the battle of Yorktown. . . . I object to the republic of the United States undertaking to play the flunkey at the feet of a little German prince (Prince Henry), and I object to the United States sending emissaries abroad to dance attendance at the ante-chamber

of some Britisher because he is going to wear a crown."

This congressman's diatribe was a mild example of American political rhetoric; but its tone was so distinctly offensive that the speech was reported at length and occupied first place among the telegraphed news of the day.

These instances are cited to emphasize the contrast between the genuine neighbourliness of Britain and the popular regard of the people with whom the Empress of the Seas is earnestly desirous of being on friendly terms for a well-disposed neighbour. From time to time articles appear in British newspapers commending the growth of amicable relations between the two English-speaking nations. It is not apparent to the British-American resident of the United States. There is no such growth. The temper of the American people has not changed in 125 years. They seek no closer relations with Great Britain than now exist. Any bonds uniting the two nations would be easily severed. It is pertinent that overtures of friendliness invariably come from the other side the water. They are not reciprocated in the United States. They provoke sneers instead of cheers. The true Yankee finds a constant irritant in the removal of rich Americans to England. Astor, Carnegie, Croker, and now, in all probability, William C. Whitney, are very painful thorns. Only the first named of these is a permanent resident, but the fact that English establishments are maintained, and large sums of money earned in the United States are spent in their maintenance, provides the average Yankee with a stick to whittle. He wonders why these multi-millionaires seem to prefer British to American society, and the Derby to the Brooklyn Handicap. He cannot understand why the mad race for vast wealth and social distinction should lead to royal courts. He has been taught to regard the society of Boston and Washington and Gotham as the cream of the earth, and he professes to see no fascination in Old World

coronets and diadems, nor any superior social advantages. But he does not mean what he says. Uncle Sam has the reputation of being addicted to braggadocio. It is his chief characteristic. He seeks by this means to impress the visitor with respect for what he possesses—for the Yankee's idea of greatness is bounded by the size of his wallet. He aims to overwhelm with the lavishness of his entertainment any royal or other distinguished foreigners who come to America officially or semi-officially. The height of New York's buildings, the speed and luxurious appointments of the trains provided for the accommodations of the guest, the vast distances traversed in going from one large city to another, the billions of the Rockefelts and the Morganbilts—these are Uncle Sam's claims to social and national distinction. These are the impressions which are carried away.

As soon as he has amassed a fortune according to American ideas—which means a small matter of at least seven figures—your true Yankee suddenly realizes that Uncle Sam has omitted a very important and essential feature of his social establishment, difficult to specify, but, like new wine, lacking the bouquet of age. Newport lacks lustre and Boston drawing-rooms their charm of refinement. There is more "go" to the official balls at Washington—more colour and gold lace. Perhaps it is this that turns him away from the most exclusive society to be found in the United States to seek more attractive fields of social aggrandizement in the society of the courts of kings and emperors. Money will buy anything in America, he argues, and surely it will open for me—providing I possess enough of it—the doors of these royal holy of holies. This began many years ago: but the holy of holies remains closed. His daughter mayhap wears a coronet and is welcomed to its sacred precincts, but paterfamilias the plutocrat has not yet become the aristocrat nor the associate of aristocrats. His son may pull bow oar in a Henley eight or drive a racing automobile a mile in less than

a minute, but the rich American gets no nearer the goal of his desire than when he first turned his energies to the amassing of his millions, his literal conquest of mammon, for the purpose of buying admission to the aristocratic circles of Great Britain and Europe, availing him naught. Foiled, he becomes a bitter enemy of aristocracy. Oftener than anywhere else the rich American meets his social Waterloo in London. Undoubtedly it is his social impotence that makes him hate so cordially the nation from whose loins he sprang.

While he is in the impecunious stage, too, the Yankee is an inveterate enemy of Great Britain. He sneers at royalty and wildly expostulates against the increasing American habit of coronet-hunting. He glories in the avowed and specific unfriendliness of America for the British nation as contained in the oath of allegiance which aliens are obliged to take on coming to this country to become citizens; finds exquisite delight in the inflammatory utterances of a Maud Gonne and a McBride and takes the Boer cause seriously to heart. He it is who has made of Washington a demigod and laid the trains for the politician to fire. To him must be accredited the successful task of perpetuating the animosities of 1776 and of replenishing the dying embers of Irish hatred for the English. We find him in the Senate and in the House of Representatives at Washington; in the legislatures of the various states, in high places in American educational institutions, in the editorial chairs of many prominent American dailies. The anti-British element in the United States is not confined to the Irish agitators or politicians spasmodically seeking the "Irish vote." It is composed of individuals who are

active at all times and who have a very large audience. The politician confines his tirades against the Mother Country to the few weeks preceding an election; the agitator to an occasional harangue in a public hall when the Irish campaign fund is low and an appeal is necessary to this "g-r-r-eat nation," as Dooley says, "f'r a wad of th' long g-r-r-reen;" but the editor is a busy individual, and the daily press, with some few notable exceptions such as the *New York Evening Post*, takes keen delight in magnifying each item of news which involves Great Britain in difficulties with foreign nations or indicates that the Boers have had some temporary advantage over the commands engaged with them. The quip of a Boer lecturer now touring the United States, which excites the loudest applause of the crowds which flock to hear him, shows the temper of the people and the contempt with which they regard the very name of the nation which is hugging the delusion that there is a more neighbourly feeling between the two countries. This lecturer supplements his talk with stereopticon views. One of these shows the Boers charging on the British across a plain. "That does not look," he shouts triumphantly, "as though the Boers were cowards and guerillas. It is not always, you see, that the Boers fight behind rocks and the English behind the Irish." And the vast audiences roar their approval of the lecturer's wit. Neither are these audiences composed of the ignorant and the Irish element. There's a little of each, but the great mass of those whose voices and purses cheer the Boer lecturer's heart are of those on whom Great Britain depends as her friendly neighbours. Englishmen never made a greater mistake.



WHAT BRITAIN IS DOING IN WEST AFRICA

By Capt. W. F. W. Carstairs, 56th Lisgar Rifles, C.M., Serving with the 3rd Southern Nigerian Regt., W.A.F.F.

THE Lord must love the black man, for He has made so many of him. In the small British Dependency of Nigeria alone, which curves around the Benin Bight, with twice the area of Ontario or one-seventh the area of the Dominion, it is believed that there are 36,000,000 blacks, who

"Bask in the glare or stem the tepid wave,
And thank their gods for all the good they gave."

This great country up to 1900 was for the most part under the control of the Royal Niger Company; then it became a Protectorate in the charge of the British Colonial Secretary. The Royal Niger Company had developed trade and commerce only on the coast and along the banks of the larger rivers. Thus, there remain thousands of miles that have never been explored, millions of natives that have not yet seen a white man. It is a land of mystery: we ourselves who live in it know so little about it. New plants, new trees, new reptiles, new fish, new birds and beasts, new races of men are met with every year as we penetrate the immense belt of forest stretching towards the interior. Bountiful nature supplies everything the native requires. Under the tropical sun but slight effort is needed to maintain life. He picks his staple food, his bread, bananas, pine apples, plantains from the trees. He ploughs not, neither does he spin. A small hole in the ground, a seed placed therein and a stone laid on top are the sum total of the agricultural process in growing yams; and he has two crops a year. His heart is gladdened by the intoxicating *tombo* trickling from the perennial fountain of the wine-palm into nature's own cup, the calabash. With the cotton, which grows without cultivation, with the bark of many trees, with the wild hemp and rushes, the deft fingers of the women weave the scant supply of

clothing necessary, or give expression to those elementary artistic impulses in forming baskets and mats.

To the Canadian the whole land area seems capable of cultivation. The rich red soil suggests the presence of iron and it is not impossible that precious minerals may also be there. Sugar-cane, rice, and tobacco, the cotton and the coffee plant, grow wild. If we could peer into the future, we might see within a hundred years Canada and Britain drawing their supplies of these commodities from this favoured land. Mahogany, ebony, white-wood, calm-wood, the rubber tree, and many varieties of the palm and of dye-woods are apparently very abundant.

Sir Ralph Moor, K.C.M.G., is the present High Commissioner, and has made Southern Nigeria one of the most prosperous colonies of the Empire. The naval establishment is under Capt. Childs, R.N., Marine Superintendent. It consists of several gunboats and a number of armoured steam launches and armoured canoes of high draught. The latter are used where it is not possible to go with launches or gun-boats of deeper draught. Officerred by smart naval officers, they are manned by black jolly tars.

The health of the whole colony is superintended by the principal medical officer, Dr. Allman, C.M.G., who has had many years' experience with the much-dreaded malaria, and who has a staff of the most efficient medical officers that can be procured.

The military establishment consists of sixty white officers, one-third of whom are usually absent on leave of absence. The fighting force of 1,250 black soldiers is known as the Third Southern Nigerian Regiment, West African Frontier Force, and is under the command of Lieut.-Col. Montenegro, R.A., who has seen service in India, Ashantee, and the Gold Coast, as well

as in Nigeria. He is at present commanding a body of 5,000 men against the Arros in the Cross River country.

Old Calabar, a city containing 200,000 blacks and 150 whites (there are but eleven white women in all Nigeria), is the capital. Each set of officials has its own mess, and the military routine is much the same as in all garrison towns, with the exception that from eleven to three-thirty the heat is very intense. These hours usually find us in pjamas.

Hausa is the Irishman of Africa, always ready for a "scrap." He is of an adventurous disposition, and like the descendants of all tribes of plainsmen, is a roamer. He goes among various tribes with his powder, flints and guns—guns "made in Germany," a section of gas-pipe with a flint lock. He drives a good trade also in Holland trade gin, and in pieces of iron to be cut up into bullets or ornaments.

The Calabar people are not so stalwart or magnificent as the Hausa or



NIGERIANS—NOTE THE IVORY ANKLET ON THE WOMAN

The native is not wholly unworthy of the blessings Nature showers upon him. There are several notable types. From the vigorous Yoruba and the agile Hausa the West African Frontier Force is recruited; and they are first-class fighting men, whom many officers would not trade for white "Tommyes" without something to boot. Both are Mahomedan in religion, and commonly very much married men. The Yoruba is a bit of a gentleman, and like coast people generally, he is clean about his person. The

yet the Yoruba; but they are very wiry and agile. The Benis are like the Calabarans. The Unwanans, a part of the great Arro nation against which an expedition is now operating, would put our athletes to shame in the matter of chest measurement and muscular development. The Arros and Hausas, in fact, all black tribes are bullies and blackguards. They will "bluff" if they fancy they can carry the thing through.

Very fortunately for us, these peoples possess a marvellous civil organization, somewhat resembling the clan system

of the Iroquois Indians; and we have been able to make good use of their system. The people are grouped on the basis of blood relation and family connection into compounds of twenty or twenty-five families, each being a miniature walled city under the control of a headman.

These compounds are brigaded under a chief, who thus stands at the head of a city, or of a portion of a city. A number of cities are under the rule of a king or sultan. Many of the cities contain two hundred and fifty or more compounds. No definite statement concerning population can be made in any case. Usually the formula is "So many compounds." It is neither a revel of equality nor a reign of despotism. In some cases these various offices are hereditary, in others elective.

As one advances towards the interior he finds clothing in the inverse ratio to his distance from the sea. The tribes "up-country" wear little or no clothing; the adults ignore clothing completely until they are married, and then only the loin cloth is adopted. In fact, it is quite common to see an African belle decked out in all the glories of Na-

ture, the monotony being broken merely by a string of beads, a bracelet, or a piece of spiral brass wire round the ankle up to the knee; or by an anklet of five or six pounds of an elephant's tusk.

Men also are often seen with their legs chafed raw from wearing heavy ivory anklets. This is always the sign of a "big man," a term accepted in its metaphorical sense by most African tribes. The exact antonym is quite logical: "small boy" means "poor man," or one lacking influence.

In this connection I may relate an incident of the Ishan Expedition, which afforded some merriment to my brother officers. As we were marching in two columns, Major Heneker in charge of the first, and Major Edwards in charge of the second, the chiefs at every village would wish to hold a "palaver" with Major Heneker

and to "dash" (present) him with palm-wine and fruits. To rid himself of their oppressive attentions, the commanding officer and Mr. Fosbery told them that the "biggest" white man in Africa would be with them in an hour. The chiefs, natural-



JUNGLE SCENE—A NIGERIAN SPEARING MUDFISH IN A POOL

ly supposing that the heir-apparent or Mr. Chamberlain himself was with the second column, made extra preparation. I found the chiefs drawn up in line, the black ladies adorned as beauty when most adorned. As the natives admire a surplus of flesh, and always fatten their maids before marriage, these dusky beauties would lick their lips when they saw my 250 lbs. avoirdupois, and gave me a royal reception with the usual "dashes" of palm-wines, nuts, fruits, imagining that our

sprinkling of Canadians on his staff, I have been requested to give a brief history of this miniature expedition that accomplished such magnificent results with such slender resources.

The photographs I owe to the kindness of Colonel W. H. Heneker, officer in command, who gave them to me for my own private collection. Colonel Heneker is the son of R. W. Heneker, Esq., of Sherbrooke, Que., President of the Eastern Townships Bank, and Governor of Sherbrooke Protestant



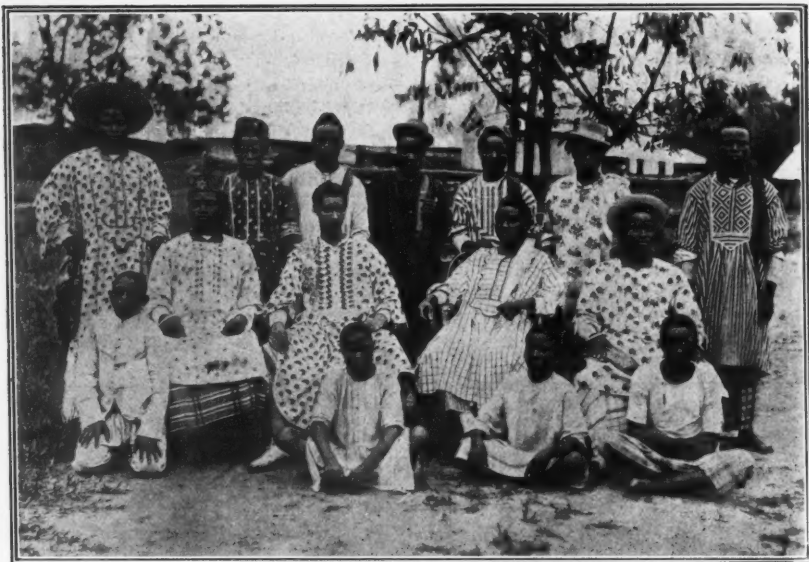
NIGERIA—A CLOSED LEOPARD TRAP—PREPARING TO KILL THE CAPTIVE

commanding officer and the Benin Resident were mere "small boys." For the time being I was "in it." But not only did the African chiefs receive me thus in several villages, but later my own mess frequently reminded me of my experience in a very pointed manner.

Only last year five or six millions were added to His Majesty's subjects in Southern Nigeria. The event was duly noted in the papers, but its importance was not appreciated. As a Canadian was in command, with a fair

Hospital. A graduate of the Royal Military College, Colonel Heneker has been in the Niger Protectorate since 1897, and will be remembered by a large circle of Canadian friends. Not only this expedition, but several preceding expeditions, have been carried through by Colonel Heneker with such marked success that we Canadians cannot refer to Nigeria without associating him therewith and feeling a degree of national pride.

The Urome-Ulia, a confederate tribe, a sub-division of the old Benin



A GROUP OF NIGERIAN CHIEFS

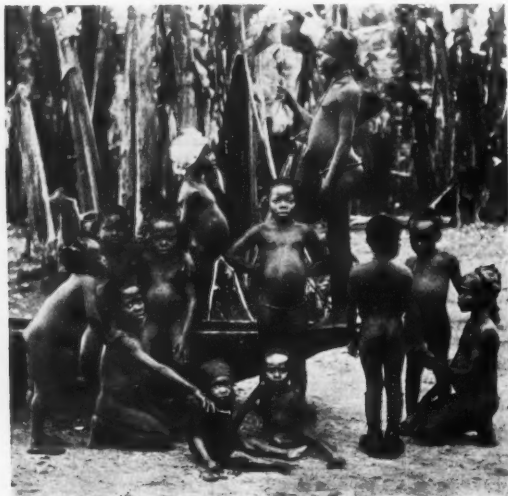
empire, live between the Benin and Niger rivers. The King of Ishan (or Urome) refused to allow traders of any kind, native or European, to go into or through his country. Now Urome, as a dependency of Benin, had come

under British rule in 1897. The king, however, claimed that his ju-ju was stronger than the white man's ju-ju and would keep the white man out.

Already in 1898 Major Heneker, with a force of about 25 men and about 200

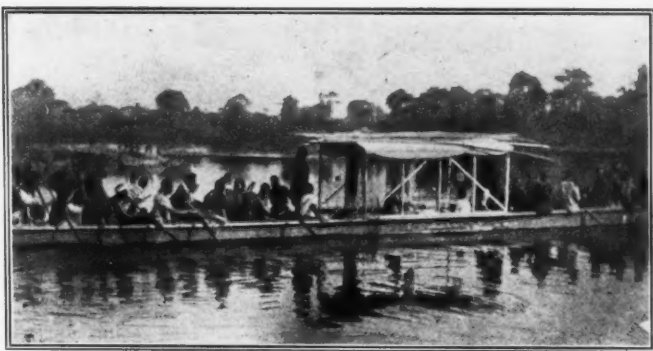
carriers had gone in on a peace mission, to preserve the law; with great difficulty and danger he had to fight every foot of his way back to Benin. He did get out, however, without losing his carriers, though with a number of casualties. The Ashantee trouble intervened; for it the Third Niger Frontier Force had to furnish a quota of men, and thus Southern Nigeria was short-handed. It was not until early in 1901 that the matter could receive the attention it deserved. And I had been fortunate enough to arrive in Southern Nigeria to take part in the work.

Accordingly on the first day of March the expedition to establish British pres-



A GROUP OF NIGERIAN CHILDREN IN GALA ATTIRE

tige in the northern Benin country left Old Calabar under the command of Major (now Colonel) Heneker, on Sir Ralph Moor's private steam yacht, *Ivy*. Two nights at sea, a few hours' steaming up



NIGERIA—A STEEL CANOE CONVEYING A BRITISH OFFICER UP COUNTRY

between the low banks of the Benin river brought us to Gilli-Gilli, where we debarked for a 28-mile tramp to Benin city. On the morning of the fifth, with 250 men, 500 carriers, and 250 chiefs' boys, Major Heneker, accompanied by the two most important Benin chiefs and fourteen white officers, struck out into the dense forest and almost impenetrable jungles to pay his respects to his old acquaintance,

the King of Urome. The white officers were: Major (now Colonel) W. H. Heneker, Connaught Rangers, commanding; Major W. Edwards, R.A., second in command; Capt. (now Major) Mackenzie, R.A., adjutant; Capt. Hewett, 2nd West India Regt., topographer; Capt. W. F. W. Carstairs, 56th Lisgar Rifles, C.M., transport officer; Capt. Lewes, quartermaster; Capt. Hogg, 4th Hussars; Capt. Perry, 90th



NIGERIA—A MARKET-SCENE UP COUNTRY



CAPT. CARSTAIRS CAPT. PERRY

A HALT ON THE UROME-ULIA EXPEDITION—A NATIVE SERGEANT AND PRIVATE IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND

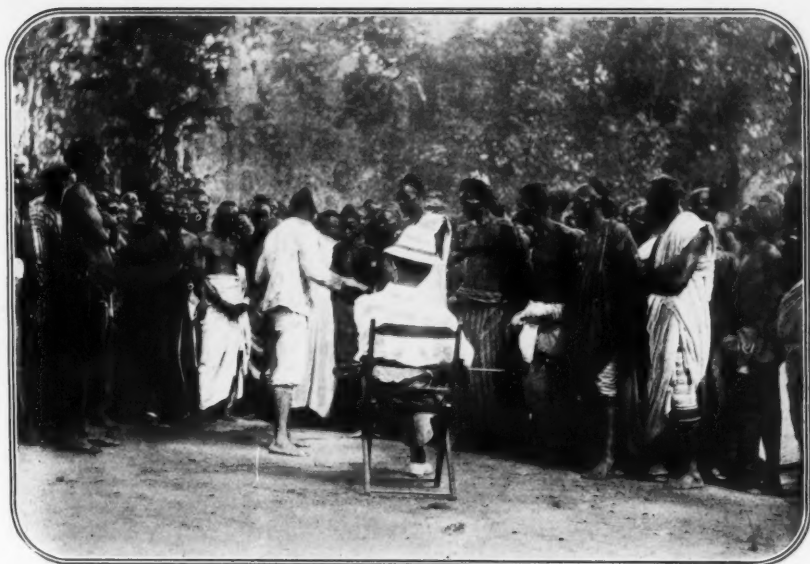
Regt., Winnipeg Rifles, C.M.; Lieut. Knowles, Indian Staff Corps; Lieut. Carré, Warwickshire Regiment; Dr. Whitely, Medical Officer; Mr. Wedenham Fosbery, the Resident at Benin city as chief political officer; Lieut. Daniels was the only native officer that accompanied us.

For more than a hundred miles we marched under a tropical sun through dense jungle and forest. Around us were the stately cotton-wood and calwood, the slender palm of many varieties, and the smaller ebony and rubber tree; on all sides we saw rubberlike vines wind and twist round the trees, droop to the earth, and again climb and droop, forming a tangled, impenetrable tropical growth. Through vines and shrubs with fierce prickly thorns that lacerate the flesh, we often had to cut our way. Behind the luxuriant screen of green relieved by the red, blue, and white of tropical flowers, we could hear the chattering and chirping of a myriad of parrots and cockatoos, and the flutter of their wings. The odours of the decaying vegetation,

however, were less agreeable; the air was stifling. Often in approaching a river we travelled in Indian file for miles through a cut that the water or wild animals had made, twenty-five feet deep, our elbows touching the clay bank on each side; often along a narrow path, worn out on the precipitous bank of a river, where a false step would send you one hundred or two hundred feet down to the alligators in the murky stream below.

Often the trail had been unused for a few years, and we cut our way step by step through the luxuriant growths of vine and shrub. For miles we would find ourselves in a tunnel of green foliage, where no ray of the sun could penetrate, broken now and then by a short space of open country. Again, through the tall elephant grass, which cut off all air, with the sun beating down, our carriers would stumble, fainting under their loads; and we ourselves could scarce carry our accoutrements.

Here and there were to be seen along the line of march the mounds of



NIGERIA—POLITICAL OFFICER FOSBERY HOLDING AN INQUIRY

the white ants, eight or nine feet high in some instances. For miles we would struggle and straggle over a tornado-swept stretch of the country, where hundreds of giant trees lay upturned—cumberers of the earth. Down ravines and up hillsides we toiled day after day.

After the first week on the trail, we found the natives lying in wait, generally attacking the first column under Major Heneker, which was usually an hour ahead of the second column. On the 20th, on approaching Urome, the capital of Ishan, we were attacked by the natives in force. They had dug pits and were along the trail. Our men fired volleys into the bush and charged, matchets in hand, cutting their way through the thick undergrowth. The natives sought shelter in the bush. We advanced on the town, and found it deserted. Setting fire to the houses, we withdrew a half a mile and formed a permanent camp.

The houses were built of a mixture of red clay and sand, roofed with palm-leaves and bamboo. Baked by the sun and sometimes dried by a fire before the roof is put on, these houses

look not unlike red sandstone. On close inspection the better class of houses are seen to be polished. The interiors are often decorated with simple straight line designs after the Egyptian style, and often clay and wood images painted in gaudy colours and fashioned into grotesque and distorted forms were to be found.

In every compound there is a ju-ju house; in every house in the compound is a ju-ju room, where the head of the family performs his devotions. His offerings of eggs, fowl and animals lie in this room, decaying and decayed; while occasionally, a human skull and various bones of the human skeleton are seen hanging on the wall.

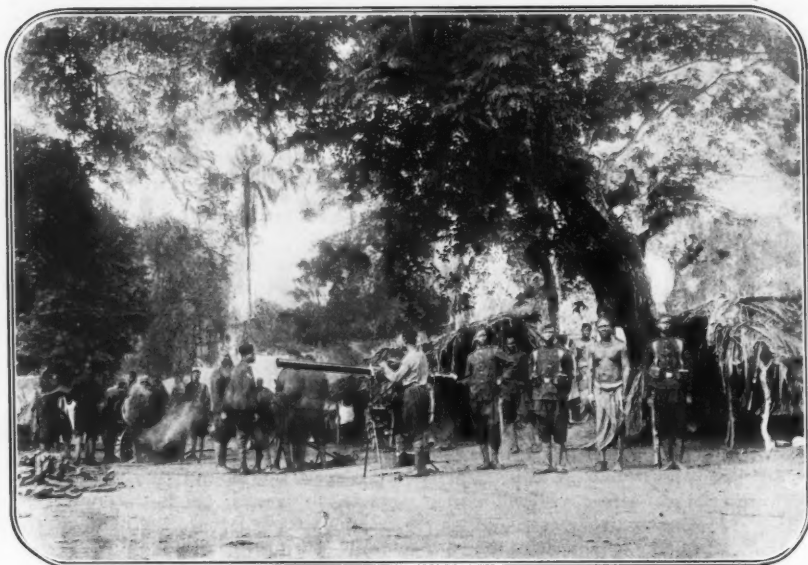
There is, besides, a general ju-ju assembly house, as well as the king's great ju-ju house. These have a more pretentious architecture, and have furnished us with the best specimens of their artistic skill in the way of statues and idols. Out of one of these we removed no less than seven of these idols carved in mahogany, white wood and calm-wood, about eight feet high, each representing months of labour to the artist with his crude tools. The

effects, though startling, were highly creditable to the carver. As these were looked upon by the natives as the protecting deities, it became our duty to destroy them. They were all consigned to the flames. Many of the smaller pieces, however, were carried away as mementos by our soldiers and carriers and brought down to the coast.

The city was surrounded by a palisade of growing trees, twining and intertwining so as to make a solid wall

feeble man, who, when surprised by our soldiers, was deserted by his party. He belonged to a long line of kings. A few nights after the poor old man died, probably from grief, as he was opposed to fighting the white man and had been persuaded to it by his Hotspur of a son.

His son and successor, a vigorous, high-spirited fellow, now gathered the defeated Urome tribe, called in the assistance of the Ulias, a people strong beyond conception. He led his com-



A SCENE ON THE UROME-ULIA EXPEDITION—ON THE RIGHT IS "THE KING'S SON," A PRISONER

—a sufficient protection from the wild beasts and the hostile tribes. These trees are planted as we plant species of the willow, and under tropical conditions the growth is rapid. The two entrances to the city were so narrow that but one man could enter at a time. In a week the walls of the compounds and buildings were all levelled and the palisade was cut down. Meanwhile, small parties reconnoitred every day for yams, for water, and for war. It was one of these parties that captured the King of Urome, a very old and

bined forces against us, and for three weeks fought us night and day. Night after night, if we passed in front of the camp-fire, shots would be fired from the surrounding forest; officers inspecting the outlying pickets would be sniped at; anyone moving on the outskirts of the camp would be cut off. As a remedy firing lines were put forward and the native carriers were set to cutting down the trees. Parties were sent out, and no less than twenty-seven cities destroyed, many of them possessing two hundred or more com-

pounds, each with twenty or twenty-five families.

When Urome was made no longer inhabitable, we moved forward to attack Uliia. During the last five miles of our journey the whole column, as it moved in Indian file, was attacked three times—front, centre and rear. Three times we broke them and dispersed them. They rallied again. Hidden in the dense bush only fifteen or twenty feet away, they fiercely contested every step of these last five miles; and just at the borders of their city the wood seemed alive with savages. Had they been armed with modern weapons, none of our little force would have survived to tell the story. Our men returned their fire and then charged the bush. A detachment with a maxim gun moved forward until it got command of the whole street, and here we got in deadly work. Our men were driving the natives out of the bush into the town, and the maxim gun in the hands of Colonel Heneker himself practically ended the expedition.

All told our killed numbered thirty-six, our wounded twenty-two; these included Major Edwards, R.A., severely wounded and myself but slightly—the only two white officers hit in the expedition. We saw but few blacks after that. Occasionally snipers were in evidence around the camp, but a shell or shot sent in the direction of the smoke soon satisfied them that the white man's ju-ju was stronger than theirs.

At Uliia we sat down for a few days. On the first day, while some of our men were destroying buildings, some Uliias opened fire on them from a house which they had fortified and loop-holed, wounding three of our soldiers. A seven-pound shrapnel soon dislodged them, and was the last shot of the campaign.

At once all the friendly kings, chiefs and headmen from the surrounding country came in to pay their respects to Colonel Heneker and Mr. Fosbery, and to "beg" for the people of Urome and Uliia. They were accompanied by



CAPTAIN CARSTAIRS

a following that must have amounted to several thousands. The King of Egberri, a powerful ruler, came with a band of fifty whistlers and fifty tom-toms, creating a weird and unearthly



COLONEL W. H. HENEKER—THE CANADIAN WHO COMMANDED THE ISHAN OR UROME-ULIA EXPEDITION

uproar. Some of the chiefs were "in rags, some on nags and some in velvet gowns." The velvet was sometimes crimson, sometimes purple, often the green of Islam. Five horses were in the "outfit," and sorry nags though they were they gladdened the heart of an old Canadian N.W.M. Policeman, for they were the first I had seen in the country.

The assembled chiefs sent out messengers, and the hostile natives came

king was captured. He is now a prisoner at Old Calabar. The natives of both tribes were punished by being condemned to go down to Benin to aid in building bridges and roads at stated wages payable by the Government.

As we marched into Urome, we met a reinforcement of fifty men, under the command of Captain James Whaley, 12th York Rangers, C.M.,—the Asaba detachment, who had arrived, much to the disgust of their leader, too late for the work.

Colonel Heneker assigned Capt. Knowles with fifty men to remain to patrol the Urome country, and Capt. Perry with fifty men to remain to patrol the Uli country.

Marching south-eastward, our little army took the Niger Co.'s steamers and the Government launch at Asaba, the officers finding on the voyage some sport in shooting crocodiles and hippos. At Warri Sir Ralph Moor met us again



SKETCH MAP OF NIGERIA, SHOWING THE ROUTE TAKEN BY THE EXPEDITION INTO THE ISHAN COUNTRY

in with white flags and surrendered themselves unconditionally. From them we gained confirmation of what we were beginning to infer from the deathly stench that came from the adjacent forest. The fight had been disastrous: often a headman would report himself as the only surviving man of his compound.

Accompanied by the chiefs, he returned to Urome, where the young

king was captured. He is now a prisoner at Old Calabar. The natives of both tribes were punished by being condemned to go down to Benin to aid in building bridges and roads at stated wages payable by the Government.

All rivers of West Africa look alike. The Niger suggests in a remarkable manner the "Father of Waters," sand bars, snags, shoals, alligators, muddy waters, low banks and all. Take out

the hippo, and you might easily believe you were on the Mississippi. Of course, there is that one dense mass of foliage, of intertwined rubber-like vine and tree on shore. Here and there where the banks are higher a tribe had placed villages which may yet rival in wealth the cities of the Mississippi. Living man has seen such miracles in America.

Sometimes we would lie on a sand-bar for nineteen hours. Occasionally we would pass a canoe laden with puncheons of palm oil, and the frantic efforts of the natives to get away from the swell of the launch were both amusing and pathetic.

The iced drinks and fresh beef on board the *Ivy* (the roast beef of old England is unknown "up country") and the freshness of the sea during a voyage of three days, soon brought vigour to our frames and we

reached Calabar on May 23rd, well-satisfied with the campaign.

We had fought our way from Benin river to the Niger and had opened to trade hundreds of square miles of territory, rich in palm oil and all kinds of valuable wood—a country into which the white man had never set foot, peopled by teeming thousands that had never before been conquered.

A more fearless, hard-working, enthusiastic body of officers can never be brought together than were found on that expedition. They represented all parts of the Empire, and woe betide the man who broached a subject for discussion, in which he was not well-informed. "Why, my lad," a voice might be heard, "I was there on that occasion"; or "I was born in India, or in Australia, and I know the spot." Canada had more than her quota in that band of good fellows. We were four.

ABEGWEIT

A SPECK of green in the restless sea,
Its edge girt round with red ;
Fanned by the sea-breeze wand'ring free,
A clear blue sky o'erhead.

Broad meadow-lands with golden grain,
And hills of rugged wood,
And homesteads spreading o'er the plain
Where late the forest stood.

Broad rivers winding onward slow
To meet old Ocean's tide
Bear up the wings that tireless go
To bear her presents wide.

A land where Nature sits enthroned
'Midst beauties all that please ;
Each innate charm by Art condoned
Nor suffered yet to cease.

A land where Peace and Plenty reign,
And all men equal stand ;
No vassal feels the tyrant's chain—
All love their native land.

Where loyal children all unite
To lay foundation broad,
To rear a Country ruled by Right,
And guarded o'er by God.

A. J. MacAdam

'Abegweit—the Indian name for Prince Edward Island—"cradled on the wave."

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

NO. XXXV.—SIR WILFRID LAURIER

FROM all time and among all races celebrated men have been the object of public curiosity and research—of the most minute studies. We must know their origin, their characters, their good qualities and their shortcomings, the secret of their pre-eminence. We descend even to details about their private lives, at the risk of losing the illusions we cherished, and of tarnishing the brilliant ideals we had formed of them.

Wilfrid Laurier is the man of all others in Canada who, during many years, has attracted the curiosity and attention of his contemporaries. They are anxious to acquaint themselves with the character, the spirit, and the secret of the success of a man, who, in spite of his essentially French origin, is at the head of a Government and of a Parliament, both English, and whose eloquence has more than once won the applause of the British Empire.

I am happy to say that, in place of losing, he gains by being intimately known, by being analyzed and dissected, by close examination into his private as well as his public life.

In the first place, he has the advan-

tage of being endowed with an imposing and sympathetic exterior, a distinguished and agreeable manner, a physiognomy in which dignity and goodness are happily blended.

When he was a child and went to the modest *village* of his native parish, the honest housewives who saw him remarked, "There goes a little gentleman" (*tiens voilà le petit monsieur qui passe*). He always maintains the demeanour of the true gentleman, and in the most distinguished gatherings, in the midst of the great and princely, it invariably attracts respect and fixes the attention.

With him the exterior is, indeed, the mirror of the soul. Nothing vulgar, nothing coarse, nothing that could grate upon the most refined feelings is to be met with in his character, in his actions, in his speech. He is mild, modest, courteous, considerate, liberal and charitable—even towards his adversaries.

He loves the beautiful and truth, all that youth breathes, freshness, goodness, that which pleases the eye and rejoices the spirit.

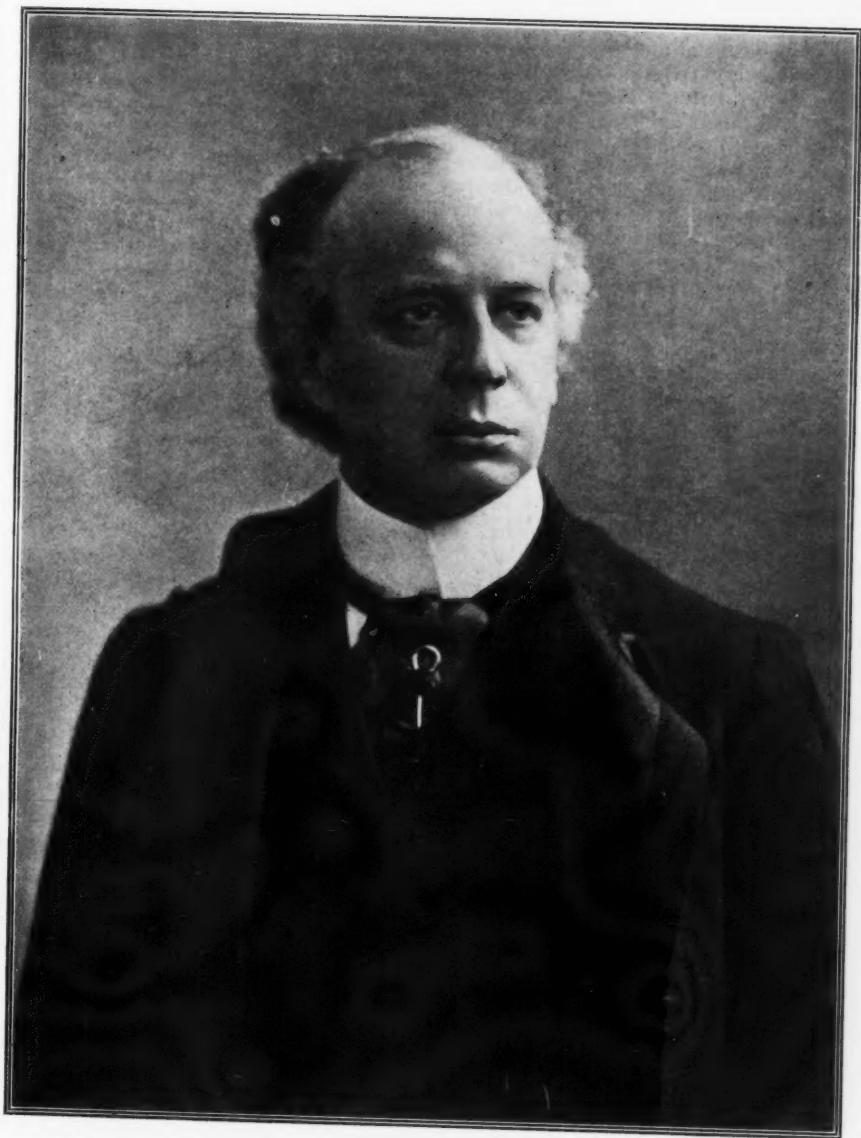
Having come into the world endowed with an elevated, noble character and a delicate, refined nature, he has developed the gifts of Providence and has never ceased to cultivate the naturally happy disposition of his heart, as well as the brilliant faculties of his mind. To correct, to control, to perfect himself seems to be the constant object of his efforts.

Moreover, he is to-day, in all respects, one of the most perfect men it is possible to meet. Envy, hate, jealousy, intemperance, exaggerated love of popularity, vanity, all the passions, all the defects that lower man and cause him to commit so many faults, have passed him by at a distance.

He has lofty ideas of God; considers Him exceedingly good to endure those who speak and act so badly in His name, and believes that, in order to



LADY LAURIER



SIR WILFRID LAURIER

Wilfrid Laurier

honour Him, actions are better than words.

He loves men, and judges them independently of religion and nationality. He is constantly on his guard against hastily-formed opinions, temerarious judgments, national and religious prejudices. Exaggeration and violence are repugnant to him. He is always measured, prudent and moderate in his acts as well as in his words.

He loves his nationality; he is proud of his French origin, but he is a great admirer of English institutions, and

he speaks so well, in studying the works of the great English statesmen—Pitt, Fox, Brougham, Canning, Gladstone and Macaulay. He imbibed for years the thoughts and sentiments of these great men. He absorbed their doctrines with regard to the British constitution, their love of political liberty.

This is the explanation of his strength in an English Parliament, the secret of the success of his eloquence before the most select audiences.

To the suppleness and grace of the



SIR WILFRID AND HIS SCHOOLMATES—A REUNION AT ARTHABASKAVILLE IN 1899

believes that the French Canadians should, at all cost, conciliate their national convictions with the exigencies of their political and social position, and should work for the political unity of this country, while conserving the distinctive character of their nationality. He often repeats that, living in a country where the majority is English, we, the French Canadians, should endeavour to make ourselves respected by our talents and our conduct.

His political education is English. He learned the English tongue, which

French spirit he unites the calm and practical reasoning, the close debating instinct of the great English orators.

He prepared himself slowly but surely to cope with the various conditions likely to be encountered. He has read, studied and reflected much. He has completed a work of storage and assimilation which enables him to treat at any moment most important subjects with an abundance of information and a thorough grasp of the whole question at issue which fairly astonishes his hearers.

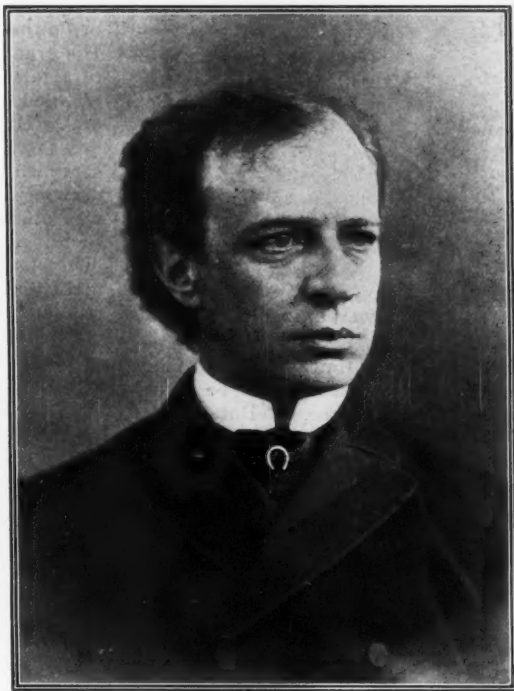
He possesses, without pride, a knowledge of his own value, and considers himself bound by an obligation to place himself in a position where he will be useful to his country—to play the worthy role assigned to him by Providence.

The secret of his power and success is to be found above all in the absolute control he has over his thoughts, his sentiments and his movements. He says only that which he wants to say. He knows when the circumstances require him to say nothing while appearing to say much.

Speaking of Pitt, I think it would be well to recall what was said of him by one of his biographers:—

"At his first appearance in Parliament he showed himself superior to all his contemporaries in command of language. He could pour forth a long succession of round and stately periods in a voice of *silver* clearness. His declamation was copious, polished and splendid... No man knew better how to be luminous or how to be obscure. When he wished to be understood, he never failed to make himself understood. He could with ease present to the audience, not perhaps an exact or profound, but a clear, popular and plausible view of the most extensive and complicated subject... On the other hand, when he did not wish to be explicit—and no man who is at the head of affairs always wishes to be explicit—he had a marvellous power of saying nothing in language which left on his audience the impression that he had said a great deal.

"No person could hear Pitt without perceiving him to be a man of high, intrepid and commanding spirit, proudly conscious of his own rectitude and of his own intellectual superiority; incapable of the low vices of fear and envy... The correctness of his private life added much to the dignity of his public character. In the relations of son, brother, uncle, master, friend, his conduct was exemplary. In the small



SIR WILFRID LAURIER IN 1888

circle of his intimate associates he was amiable, affectionate, even playful. They loved him sincerely and regretted him long."

No person will deny that this description of the eloquence and character of Pitt applies singularly to those of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

There is another point of resemblance between Pitt and Laurier. It is this:—During their youth, the feebleness of



SIR WILFRID IN 1871

their health for a time gave their friends reason to fear that it would be an obstacle to their progress. But both of them, by different means, acquired the strength necessary to play brilliant parts on their respective stages.

Laurier will have the great merit, in the sight of both God and man, of having the strength, the courage, to persevere constantly to improve his physical and intellectual strength, of having avoided the dangers, the excesses and imprudent acts which make such ravage in our political world and destroy so many useful careers.

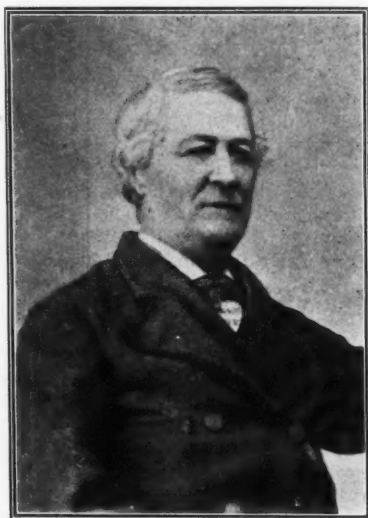
Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not merely the choice of his compatriots; he is the chief, the Prime Minister of an English Government. Our English fellow-citizens, in so cordially accepting him as their chief, gave a salutary example to men of our time and of future generations. Their liberality shows in a striking manner that in this country true merit will be appreciated, honoured and glorified independently of the questions of race and religion. It is a gage of peace and harmony, a powerful

element of emulation for talent and virtue, a noble encouragement to keep to the path, to do one's duty, to seek popularity not in expedients and by tortuous and immoral ways, but in the practice of public and domestic virtues, in the confidence of honest people, and respect for the Commandments of God.

My intention was to stop here, but I judge proper to add some special notes and observations which may prove interesting to the public.

The father of Laurier was a surveyor, a man of a positive disposition. His grandfather had a remarkable natural talent for mathematics, for geometry, and for the exact sciences in general. His mother and grandmother possessed imagination and delicate sentiment, and took pleasure in doing drawing and other artistic work, which was much admired. It is not then surprising to find united in Laurier the distinct and various faculties which make him at once a statesman so practical and an orator so brilliant.

At the L'Assomption College, where he pursued his studies, he made himself remarkable by his courtesy, his



SIR WILFRID'S FATHER—CAROLUS LAURIER
BORN AT LACHENAIE, QUEBEC, IN MARCH,
1815, AND DIED AT ST. LIN
IN MAY, 1886

love of reading, his talent for literature and oratory, and his independence of mind. He manifested from his very youth a disposition to reason out his thoughts and acts, and to eschew all preconceived ideas not based upon logic. He manifested a taste for the forum and the court house, and he never missed the occasion, even at the expense of breaking the rules of the college, to hear the lawyers and political orators who from time to time visited the village of L'Assomption.

It did not cause him much trouble to choose the career best suited to his talents and to his character. His course of college studies finished, he did not hesitate an instant before entering upon the study of law, and entered as a clerk the office of the Messrs. Laflamme, who had a considerable practice. He also entered upon the course of law at McGill, and soon won the reputation of being one of the most brilliant students of that university. He shone in the very first rank in the literary societies and clubs, where the students devoted themselves to the development of eloquence and the interpretation of laws. Always affable and modest, kind and just, he was forgiven his superiority and wisdom, and enjoyed the esteem and admiration of his fellows.

Admitted to the Bar in 1864, he practised for some time the profession of advocate in partnership with the great agitator, Mederic Lanctot, whose passion for journalism and politics interfered with his attention to a very considerable legal practice. Lanctot must have been very glad to place his hands upon a young advocate so hard-working, so devoted to his profession, and so capable.

It was at this time that I first knew him. We had just formed the National Party, and had founded "L'Union Nationale" to oppose Confederation. Lanctot was our chief, and it was in his offices that we used to meet to sharpen our weapons and to prepare our plans of campaign.

I think I can see Laurier as he was at that period: in poor health, sad,

with a grave air, indifferent to all the noise about him. He passed amongst us as though he were a shadow, and seemed to say to us: "Brother, we must die."

He was suffering at this time from that attack of lung trouble which later threatened, but failed, to remove him from the affection of his friends and the admiration of the country. It was largely with a view of combating the progress of this sickness that he determined in 1866 to leave Montreal and take up his residence in Arthabaska. Eric Dorion had recently died, and the Liberal party was in need of a man above the ordinary to replace the deceased, to continue his liberal and patriotic work in the Eastern Townships, and to assume charge of the party organ, the *Défricheur*.

Laurier was advocate and journalist, he pleaded and he wrote. But briefs did not pour in upon him, and the subscribers paid him but little. To complete his misfortunes Mgr. Lafleche, the Bishop of Three Rivers, and most of his clergy launched against the *Défricheur*, the ideas expressed by which they found too liberal, a disastrous campaign which brought the unfortunate journal to an untimely end—Laurier was made to appreciate, by the loss of his paper, the power and influence of the clergy in the Province of Quebec.

About the same time he fell seriously sick and passed many weeks in a state of feebleness which prevented him from effectively engaging in the exercise of his profession. This was the darkest period of his life, that in which he felt most keenly the embarrassments and uncertainties of life which result in poverty and sickness.

His lungs were believed to be seriously attacked, and his friends considered him to be approaching the end of his life. But health and courage returned, and his talents did the rest. His able pleadings and his eloquent speeches on the hustings did not take long to attract attention to him and to convince the people of the district that their friend, their much beloved member, Eric Dorion, had been worthily

replaced. So in 1871 the electors of the County of Drummond and Arthabaska tendered him the candidature as their representative in the Quebec Legislative Assembly, and elected him by a majority of a thousand votes. His *debut* in the Legislature was a triumph. The members had never previously had the opportunity to admire a more classical, more brilliant and more refined eloquence, a more thoroughly developed parliamentary spirit, or a more lofty character. They saluted with transports of delight the star which had risen in the firmament of their country.

In 1874 he withdrew from the Legislative Assembly and entered the House of Commons, where his speeches on the Northwest troubles and the expulsion of Louis Riel from the House, earned for him the title of "The Silver-tongued Laurier," and proclaimed him the first orator of Parliament.

Instead of resting on his laurels and contenting himself with living on the reputation and prestige of his first success, he devoted himself to the most assiduous work to perfect the finish of his eloquence and to extend the circle of his knowledge. He conquered for himself a place so important in the front rank of his party, that in 1876 he was made a member of the Mackenzie administration in the capacity of Minister of Inland Revenue. It was then that he sustained the first and only electoral defeat that he has met with in his political career. He was defeated in the County of Drummond and Arthabaska. The Conservative party made a determined onslaught upon him, accusing the Mackenzie Administration of having failed to accord complete amnesty to Riel, Lepine and the other half-breed leaders who had taken part in the rebellion of 1870, and holding it responsible for the financial crisis, which at the time universally prevailed. Mr. Laurier presented himself in the division of Quebec East, which he has never since failed to represent.

The elections of 1878 having put an end to the Mackenzie Administration,

Mr. Blake became the leader of the Liberal party. After the elections of 1887, Mr. Blake resigned the leadership, and a vital question arose—who was worthy to replace him and take the leadership of the Liberal party?

Mr. Blake was the first to indicate Mr. Laurier, and his choice was ratified with enthusiasm by the party's delegation in Parliament. Mr. Laurier hesitated, consulted with his friends, and tried to convince them that it would be dangerous to give to a party, a great majority of whose members were English-speaking, a French-Canadian leader.

But he was not the man to fear danger, and to shun the responsibility of a position which the sentiment of duty counselled him to accept. His modesty did not prevent him from having a consciousness of his worth, and a belief that his studies, his knowledge, his many years of work and reflection had prepared him to assume a leading role on the political stage. He accepted the task that public confidence imposed upon him, and set to work with an energy, a capacity, a tact and an activity which surprised even his most devoted friends. The French-Canadians, appreciating the honour of having one of their own countrymen at the head of the country, rallied to his support, and gave him in 1896, a majority which carried him to power.

Like all men truly great, the higher he rose the wider became the horizons of his thoughts and his political conceptions, the stronger became his character, and the more extended became the flights of his eloquence.

He has traversed the country from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific coast; he has sown words of peace, of concord and of patriotism; everywhere he has spoken the language of truth and sincerity, and everywhere the populace has bowed to the seductions of his character and his eloquence. And when he was called upon to represent Canada at the Diamond Jubilee of the Queen of England, he shone with an incomparable *eclat* in that immense assemblage of eminent

men gathered from all parts of the world, and his eloquence was expressed in accents which electrified the country of Pitt, Fox and Gladstone. All eyes were directed towards this country, to the humble colony from which came this man who knew how, with so much tact, courage and talent to conciliate what he owed to his French origin with his duties as a British subject.

Those who have a firm belief in the future of Confederation, and in the possibility of making various nationalities, differing so widely in character, traditions and language work together in peace and harmony for the common welfare and continued progress of this country, must cherish the hope that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has a long political career still before him, and that some one will follow him to carry on his work.

Translated by Capt. E. J. Chambers

L. O. David

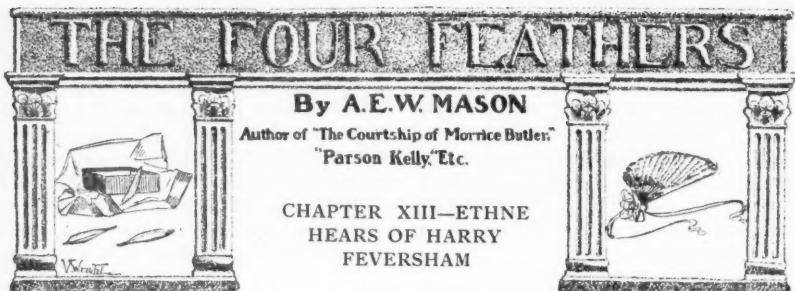
IN EXILE

Written by a Canadian in South Africa

OH Canada, my Canada, my heart is still with thee,
 Though 'twixt us roll ten thousand miles of land and stormy sea.
 Whilst on the veldt my wearying guard in solitude I stand,
 My thoughts and soul despising space, fly swift to my dear land.
 And once again before me rise, in grandeur still and lone,
 The valley, timber-clad, where stands my dear Canadian home,
 'Neath which the babbling brook moves down to meet the mighty main.
 Land of uncounted, untrod hills, when shall we meet again?
 Land of the mighty Yukon flood, Mackenzie's wilds untold,
 Ye barrens where the musk-ox thrive, ye creeks of virgin gold;
 Land where my dear love sleeps so sound beside the moaning sea,
 Lo, every breeze thy message brings—I hasten back to thee.
 But more than all the rolling hills whose feet the Thompson laves,
 Where ne'er a white man moves and all is silent as the grave,
 Save for the deer, or blue grouse shy, call to my spirit still,
 And my heart is breaking, aching for the wind-swept bunch-grass hills.

Halfontein, Transvaal, December, 1901.

Ar851, S.A.C.



RESUME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Harry Feversham, son of General Feversham, of Surrey, is a lieutenant in an English regiment. On becoming engaged to Ethne Eustace, daughter of Dermod Eustace, of Ramelton, Donegal, Ireland, he resigns his commission. He announces this at a little dinner at which Captain Trench, Lieut. Willoughby and Lieut. Durrance, who himself cared something for Ethne, were present. Just after his resignation, his regiment is ordered to Egypt where Durrance also goes on General Graham's staff. These two friends have a last ride together in Hyde Park—Durrance sails for Egypt and Feversham goes to Ireland, where there is to be a ball to celebrate the engagement. On the evening of this great event, Feversham receives by post a box containing three white feathers and three visiting cards bearing names of brother officers. They had deemed him a coward who would resign his commission on the eve of war. Feversham talks of the affair with Ethne, explaining that all his life he had been afraid that some day he should play the coward. For that reason, and because of his engagement, he had resigned. She returns the little box of feathers to him, and lo! he finds she has added a *fourth* from her fan. The engagement is ended and Harry Feversham disappears, but not before communicating to his mother's friend, Lieutenant Sutcliff, that some day he hopes to win back his honour.

After three years' service in Egypt, Durrance returns to London and is surprised to hear of the broken engagement and of Harry Feversham's disappearance. Under the circumstances, he feels free to visit Ethne Eustace at her home in Donegal. He does so, and presses his suit unsuccessfully. He returns to his post at Wadi Halfa. In the meantime Harry Feversham is learning Arabic in Upper Egypt.

Another June comes round; Durrance returns to England for another furlough, but makes no progress with his suit. He goes back to Egypt.

Still another June comes round; and two letters cross in the Mediterranean. One is from Ethne to Col. Durrance, saying that she has reconsidered the matter and will marry him upon his return to England. The other is from Col. Durrance to Ethne, in which he tells her that a sunstroke has deprived him of his eye-sight.

IN the first days of June Durrance returned to England and the apprehension which had troubled Calder at Cairo grew also upon Ethne Eustace through that month and through the month of July. For she too remarked the new acuteness of perception, the new skill of deduction which blindness was developing in her lover; she watched that development almost as one might watch the opening of a flower, so quick it seemed and so continuous. But she watched it with fear. Fear was perpetually present in her mind and once at all events it found expression on her lips.

"I am afraid," she said, and in the room behind her Mrs. Adair smiled quietly to herself.

Ethne was standing in the July sunlight at the open window of the drawing-room in Mrs. Adair's house upon the creek of the Salcombe estuary. "I am afraid," she repeated as she looked across the broad stone-flagged terrace and down the shallow flight of steps to the lawn.

"Of what?" asked Mrs. Adair. "That some accident has happened to Colonel Durrance? That he has not come back from London?"

"No," answered Ethne slowly, "not of that. For he is at this moment crossing the lawn;" and again Mrs. Adair smiled quietly to herself.

Ethne stepped over the threshold of the window on to the terrace. In front of her the lawn stretched to a hedge;

on the far side of that hedge a couple of grass fields lifted and fell in gentle undulations; and beyond the fields she could see amongst a cluster of trees the smoke from the chimneys of Colonel Durrance's house. She stood for a little while hesitating upon the terrace. On the left the lawn ran down to the tall beeches and oaks which fringed the creek. But a broad space had been cleared upon the bank, so that Ethne could see the sunlight on the water and the wooded slope on the further side and a sailing boat some way down the creek moving slowly against the light wind. Ethne looked about her, as though she was summoning her resources and even composing her sentences ready for delivery to the man who was walking steadily towards her across the lawn. There was at all events no hesitation on the blind man's part. It seemed that his eyes took in the path and with the stick which he carried he switched at the blades of grass like one that carries it from habit rather than for any use. Ethne descended the steps slowly and advanced to meet him.

In the room behind Mrs. Adair suddenly dropped the book which she was pretending to read and ran to the window. The smile still played upon her lips, but a queer eager light had come into her eyes. Her face too had a look of hunger—the hunger of an animal. She kept close behind the curtains and watched.

Mrs. Adair had no doubts as to the reason of Ethne's fears. She had watched her closely for six weeks. The girl remarkable for a quiet frankness of word and look was declining into a creature of shifts and fluttering agitation. She spoke at random when Durrance was absent, when he was present with a strained circumspection. Anxiety was become a fixed expression upon her face, a feverish rapidity of gesture had replaced her restful ease of manner. The explanation, to Mrs. Adair's thinking, was not far to seek. Ethne Eustace of the open air shrank from marriage with a man so crippled, she dreaded the restraint upon her

freedom; she felt with a great repugnance that she would herself be hardly less crippled than the man she married. Mrs. Adair watched Ethne descend the terrace-steps with an exultant heart. Her eyes were very bright. For the first time she contemplated her friend without a throb of envy and indeed with almost a feeling of contempt. Ethne Eustace was afraid, and for herself she had no such fears. To tell the truth—and Laura Adair confessed it frankly to herself—she was in a fierce way actually glad that blindness had befallen Durrance. It was not merely that his calamity seemed to be growing more and more into her opportunity. But, should that opportunity be realized, then it reserved him to her as hardly any man was reserved to any woman. She was so jealous of his every word and look, that his dependence upon her would be the extreme of pleasure.

But though Mrs. Adair could see Ethne and Durrance meet, she could not overhear their words. They met at the foot of the terrace steps, and walked side by side across the lawn towards the creek. On the bank they sat down.

"Well," said Ethne, "you saw the oculist. Tell me! What did he say?"

Durrance shrugged his shoulders.

"That one must wait. Only time can show whether a cure is possible or not," he answered, and Ethne bent forward a little and scrutinized his face as though she doubted that he spoke the truth.

"But must you and I wait?" she asked with a certain breathlessness. Had Mrs. Adair heard that question put in that voice, she might have doubted whether it was merely a reluctance to be hampered by a cripple which caused Ethne's fears.

"Surely," he returned. "It would be wiser on all counts. I know, of course, that you would like to be back in your own country. I remember very well a sentence which Harry Feversham—" He spoke the name quite carelessly, but paused just for a moment after he had spoken it. No

expression upon his face showed that he had any intention in so pausing, but Ethne suspected one. He was listening, she suspected, for some movement of uneasiness, perhaps of pain, into which she might possibly be betrayed. But she made no movement. "A sentence which Harry Feversham spoke a long while since," he resumed, "in London just before I left England for Egypt. He was speaking of you and he said, 'She is of her country and more of her county. I do not think she could be happy in any place which was not within reach of Donegal.' And when I remember that, it seems rather selfish that I should claim to keep you here at so much cost to you."

"I was not thinking of that," Ethne exclaimed, "when I asked why we must wait. Oh, no! I was wondering why you preferred to wait, why you insist upon it. For, of course, although one hopes and prays with all one's soul that you will get your sight back, the fact of a cure can make no difference."

She spoke slowly and her voice had a ring of pleading. She was asking Durrance to confirm her words. But he did not answer her. She returned to his own subject.

"It was Mrs. Adair, I suppose, who proposed this plan that I should come home and you stay with her."

Ethne started.

"Yes," she answered, and she asked quickly, "How did you know?"

"I guessed," he answered with a laugh, and replying to a certain note of anger in her question he added, "Mrs. Adair did not tell me."

Ethne explained rather hurriedly how the plan came to be proposed.

"I was in great distress when I heard of your accident. I was so distressed that at the first I could not think what to do. I told Laura, since she is my friend, and this was her plan. Of course, I welcomed it with all my heart," and again the note of pleading sounded in her voice. This time, however, Durrance answered it. He turned towards her with a smile.

"I know that very well," he said

gently, and his hand dropped on hers.

Ethne drew a breath of relief and a flush came over her face. For the first time since she had met Durrance that morning the anxiety passed from it. But it was very quickly to return, for, as he still held her hand, he said:

"I want you to tell me something. You said once at Glenalla that some day you might bring yourself to tell me. I think that I should like to know. You see Harry Feversham was my friend. I want you to tell me what happened that night at Lennon House to break off your engagement, to send him away an outcast."

Ethne was silent for a while, and then she said gently, "I would rather not. It is all over and done with. I don't want you to ask me. He was your friend," and she broke off. "Even then I say too much."

Durrance let her hand go.

"Very well," he said cheerily, "I won't ask you," and soon after with a remark that politeness required him to pay his respects to Mrs. Adair, he rose and walked to the house.

He found Mrs. Adair reading her book in the drawing-room.

"I want to thank you," he said. "I was not certain until to-day that it was you who proposed this plan. I mean that Ethne should stay with you at Southpool until the doctors had done with me. It was very kind of you."

Mrs. Adair disclaimed his thanks. "Surely," she said, "it was the most natural thing to do. As soon as Ethne came to me with the bad news, of course I suggested it at once."

"And on what day did Ethne come to you?" he asked. "Do you remember?"

Durrance spoke with every appearance of carelessness. He was leaning against the side of the window, swinging the tassel of the blind-cord idly to and fro.

"Yes, I remember," Mrs. Adair replied, "I keep a diary."

"Well, what day was it? The day she received the telegram from Calder or the day after?"

Mrs. Adair started. How did he

know of that telegram she wondered. That Ethne had not told him, she was very sure.

"I musn't tell you," she answered slowly, "I promised Ethne that I would not."

"Thank you," said Durrance.

Mrs. Adair changed the subject.

"You have left Ethne in the garden," said she.

Ethne had remained where Durrance had left her, nor did she change her attitude. The gravity increased upon her face, the trouble grew in her eyes. She sat leaning upon one arm and conscious of a particular feeling of discomfort which had of late grown more and more frequent with her after any conversation with Durrance. She had felt that she had just stepped down from a witness-box where she had been subjected to a cross-examination so deft that she could not herself quite clearly perceive its drift, although she suspected it. It seemed to her, indeed, that Durrance's blindness had almost reversed their positions. Before she had never had a doubt as to what he meant, however ill he might express his meaning, his desires and intentions were no less manifest; he was, in a word, legible to her as a child's primer. For his eyes commented his words. Now that his eyes told her nothing, she was in the dark. "Yes," she said to herself, "it is I who am in the dark, not he."

The sentence sounded as a mere paradox; but to her it was the truth. It was not merely that Durrance's hearing had grown acute, that he could distinguish between footsteps, that the slightest change in the voice was perceptible to his ears. But he had acquired, and was still acquiring, a keen intuition as to the reason which caused this or that movement, this or that difference of tone. His mind kept pace with his hearing. He read between the spoken words with a remarkable accuracy, he interpreted silences as though they were spoken words. "One has no longer one's face to protect one's thoughts," Ethne had only yesterday said with a sort of despair to

her friend, and she repeated that sentence now, and there was truth, too, in that cry. For so long as he had her face before him, with its wonderful bright colour, the steady frank grey eyes, the soft curves of her hair, he was hardly able to judge of what she said or meant with that detachment which was now possible. He saw in a word so much more clearly now that he was blind. Ethne felt at times that the very corners of her mind were open to his view, that she could conceal nothing; and there was something which she must conceal. She had accepted Durrance in the end out of pity and a great friendship, and a sure knowledge that with the coming of blindness he had lost everything for which he had hoped and striven except just herself. And it was this which she was continually afraid that he would discover.

"He must never find out," she exclaimed and was not sure that he had not found out. "Why does he pretend that there is a possibility of a cure?" and as she asked that question she looked up. The little boat which Mrs. Adair had seen tacking slowly up the creek now ran its nose into the shore a few yards from where she was sitting. A man lowered the sprit-sail, stepped from the boat, and after making the painter fast to a stump of tree came straight towards Ethne.

Ethne rose to her feet as he approached. He was a man of the middle-size and a stranger to her. She noted carelessly a short snub nose, a vacuous and protruding pair of brown eyes, a moustache with a curl of much ferocity, and, as he lifted his hat, a round forehead rather bald.

"This is Guassens, I believe," he said.

"Yes. You will find Mrs. Adair in the house," and she turned towards the terrace.

"I sailed up from Salcombe to see Miss Eustace," said the stranger, and Ethne turned back again in surprise.

"You see her," she said.

"So I thought. You will have forgotten my name no doubt. I am Captain Willoughby."

Ethne drew sharply back. The bright colour faded out of her face; her eyes grew very hard.

"It is one of three names which I am never likely to forget."

Captain Willoughby curled first one, then the other of his moustaches in a meditative silence.

"I can very well understand," said he at length, "that you do not welcome me, Miss Eustace." He spoke with the air of one forgiving her a breach of manners. "But we could not foresee that you would be present when the feathers came into Feversham's hands. I assure you that not one of us had any intention of hurting your feelings."

"I might perhaps be spared these excuses," cried Ethne. She did not stop to consider how it came about that Willoughby was aware that she was present when Feversham received the feathers. But he was speaking as though they had conveyed an invitation to dinner rather than a message of irretrievable ruin to one man and misery to others; and his display of indifference almost maddened her.

"Excuses!" said Willoughby with a stare. He took off his hat and ran his hand over his forehead and hair, staring at her the while with mild surprise. "But, Miss Eustace, I am not making excuses. Were the message to be sent again I have no doubt that we should send it."

"Was it your proposal that the message should be sent?" she asked suddenly.

"Let me think," said Willoughby. "No. It was Trench's idea so far as I remember."

"Ah! Captain Trench."

Ethne struck one clenched hand partly into the palm of the other as she spoke the name. She might recognize the justice of the accusation which had come on that summer night to Ramelton, she remembered clearly enough that she had added a fourth feather to the three, but she was woman enough never to forgive the men who had sent it, and above all the man who had devised it. A glance at Willoughby had

assured her that the ingenuity of that plan was not his.

"But we all share Trench's responsibility," Willoughby resumed. "To speak frankly, I am afraid we took no account of your position in the matter, Miss Eustace. As I say, I do not think we should have stayed our hands if we had. But I was sorry to learn that you and Feversham had broken off the marriage on account of those feathers."

"That is kind of you," said Ethne. "You expected, no doubt, to find us seated opposite one another at the fireside—with those feathers, perhaps, as a suitable ornament for the mantelpiece."

Sarcasm had no more effect upon Captain Willoughby's invincible stupidity than the breaking of the merest summer ripple has upon a solid cliff. Ethne was wasting her breath, as she recognized. But she was doing worse than that, for her words brought down upon her a blow which made her actually shiver and close her eyes tight with pain. Willoughby was quite unconscious, however, of the force of the blow; he had no intention, indeed, to deal a blow at all.

"Well," he answered reflectively. "One hears that women can forgive a great deal to any man they care about. Is not that one of the merits which rank them above men? I don't know, but one is told so."

"Oh please," said Ethne in a whisper. She had before her eyes a picture of the little room leading from the hall at Ramelton, and of her broken ostrich fan and the fourth feather which she herself had added to the rest. It was not the first time that remorse had punished her for that piece of needless cruelty, but never so bitterly as on the occasion of Captain Willoughby's unfortunate panegyric upon her sex.

"But, of course," he continued, "we did not know the feathers would be forwarded from his lodgings or that you would be at his side when the box was opened. In fact I only learned it recently."

"When?" asked Ethne suddenly.

"A year ago."

"How?"

"Feversham told me at Suakin."

"Harry! You have seen him?"

The cry leaped loudly from her heart; it was indeed a throb of the heart made vocal. It startled Ethne almost as much as it surprised Captain Willoughby. She had schooled herself to omit Harry Feversham from her thoughts, to obliterate him from her affections, and the cry showed to her how incompletely she had succeeded. She looked behind her quickly towards the terrace. It was empty and quiet in the midday sunshine, her cry had not been heard. But her glance had been, indeed, not so much an expression of fear as of self-reproach. The cry, a moment after it was uttered, pricked her to sense of disloyalty to the blind man in the house. She turned back towards Willoughby and in spite of herself, the feeling of disloyalty vanished from her mind like a breath from the face of a mirror. Strive as she did, she could not recapture it. Memories sternly repressed for so long, regrets which she had thought stifled out of existence, longings grown unfamiliar filled all her thoughts. She was back again in the midst of that season at Dublin in the spring, before the feathers came, five years ago; and very dead years those five years seemed to her.

"You have seen him?" she said in a low, wondering voice, a voice of envy. "You have actually spoken with him?"

"Of course," answered her stolid companion, "else why should I be here?"

The question came as a shock to Ethne. She did not guess the correct answer; she was not indeed sufficiently mistress of herself to speculate upon any answer, but she dreaded it, whatever it might be.

"Yes," she said slowly, and perhaps reluctantly. "After all, why are you here?"

Willoughby took a letter-case from his breast, opened it with deliberation, and shook out from one of its poc-

kets into the palm of his hand a tiny soiled white feather. He held it out to Ethne.

"I have come to give you this."

"Why?"

"Three white feathers, three separate accusations of cowardice were sent to Mr. Feversham by three separate men. This is actually one of those feathers which came to Ramelton five years ago. I am one of the three men who sent them. I have come to tell you that I withdraw my accusation. I take my feather back."

"Will you give it to me?" asked Ethne in a calm and natural voice. But as she took the feather in her palm, a thing so light and fragile and yet so momentous as an emblem, the trees and the garden began to whirl suddenly about her. She was aware that Captain Willoughby was speaking, but his voice had grown extraordinarily distant and thin; so that she was annoyed, since she wished very much to hear all that he had to say. And then to Willoughby's extreme astonishment and dismay she pitched suddenly forward into his arms and slid to the ground at his feet.

"You mustn't do that," said Willoughby in alarm. "No, you really mustn't you know."

But Ethne did not answer. Willoughby scratched his head, he was aware that there were certain remedies practised. One slapped the patient's hands, or poured water over her face; but before he could make a start Ethne opened her eyes.

"I am very foolish," she said, and she sat up on the grass. She opened her right hand, which was tightly clenched, and saw that the white feather still lay within her palm. Then she clenched her hand again upon it. "Your news was rather a shock to me, I did not expect it. Even now I do not quite understand." She rose to her feet, disregarding the hand which he held out to her, and once she was standing, she looked anxiously towards the house. But the terrace was empty, the July sunlight was bright upon the flowers and lawn, the quiet of a wind-

less summer day slept upon the garden and the creek; even the woods were still.

"There is a seat amongst the trees," she went on, "close by the water. We might go there, and perhaps you will tell me your story. I shall be very glad to hear it." And with the feather still clenched in her hand she led the way from that open space. The bench was placed on the bank of the creek, and at the back was sheltered by a hedge. Behind the hedge rose the tall, thick screen of poplars and elms. On the opposite side of the water the trees rose again and were overtopped by sloping meadows.

"Now," she said, as she sat down, "you will take your time, perhaps. You will forget nothing, will you? Even his words if you remember them. I shall thank you."

For more than five years she had heard no word of Harry Feversham, and she hungered for news of him, for the sound of his favourite phrases. She did not at this moment make any effort to hide her hunger from herself. Somehow Harry Feversham had redeemed his honour—somehow she had been unjust to him; and she was to learn how. That anticipation filled all her thoughts. She felt, indeed, not even a remorse that she had been unjust. That would come afterwards. At present the knowledge that she had been unjust was too great a happiness to admit of any abatement.

"Now," she said, and Willoughby sat down beside her. "I will not interrupt you," and almost the next moment she broke that promise.

"He came to me at Suakin in May," Willoughby began, and at once Ethne broke in:

"How did he look?"

Willoughby wrinkled his forehead and twisted a moustache.

"Well, I don't know," he said doubtfully. "Pretty much what other men look like, I suppose, who have been hard at it in the Soudan, a trifle thin in the face perhaps, trained a bit fine perhaps, but fit enough, don't you know."

"Never mind," said Ethne. "I promised not to interrupt. I beg your pardon." And she composed herself to listen.

She was in that most English of counties, the county of Plymouth and Dartmouth, and Brixham and the Start; where the red cliffs of its coastline speak perpetually of dead centuries, so that one cannot put into any harbour without some thought of the Spanish main and of the little barques and pinnaces which adventured heartfully out on their long voyages with the tide. Up this very creek the clink of the shipbuilders' hammers had rung and the soil upon its banks seems vigorous with the memories of British sailors. But Ethne had no thought for these associations. The countryside was a shifting mist before her eyes, which now and then let through a glimpse of that strange wide country in the east, of which Durrance had so often told her. The only trees which she saw were the stunted mimosas of the desert; the only sea, the great stretches of yellow sand; the only cliffs, the sharp-peaked pyramidal black rocks rising abruptly from its surface. It was part of the irony of her position that she was able so much more completely to appreciate the trials which one lover of hers had undergone through the confidences which had been made to her by the other.

"I am Deputy Governor in Suakin," Willoughby began again. "The Governor was on leave in May, so that I was in command. You can't well imagine the heat of Suakin in May. It is all right amongst the hills close by, but the town's unbearable. A wet, heavy heat. You can't sleep at night, and you must work by day. Well, I was sitting in the verandah on the first floor at Government House about ten o'clock at night, looking out towards the harbour and the distillation works, and wondering whether it was worth while to go to bed at all, when a visitor was announced. He came on to the verandah. There was only one lamp burning then, and the verandah was wide and the night dark. The vis-

itor came close to me, and then I saw that it was Feversham. I was startled; you see I had never expected to set eyes on him again, least of all in the Soudan whither he refused to go. I beg your pardon?"

He broke off with an inquiry, for Ethne had moved abruptly. There was a look of pain upon her face, for which he was at a loss to account.

"I did not interrupt you," she said. "Go on please."

"Well, I sat and stared at him; he stood and looked at me for a minute or two. Then he said: 'I did not send in my name because I thought you would very likely refuse to see me if I did.' I asked him what his business was now he had come, and he drew a packet out of his coat pocket and laid it on the table. 'These are letters which Gordon wrote from Khartoum,' he said. 'Gordon sent them by a messenger down the hill. The messenger travelled as far as Berber, which had already fallen. He hid them in a wall there and escaped. I have been into Berber and recovered them.' 'You,' I exclaimed, 'that's absurd,' and he answered quite quietly, 'No doubt. But it's true.' I asked him to sit down and tell me his yarn."

Feversham had told it without exaggeration and with few omissions. He had related how he had fallen in with Abou Fatma, how he had planned the recovery of the letters, how the two men had travelled together as far as Obak, and how he himself driving his grey donkey had gone on alone to Berber. He had not even concealed that access of panic which had loosened his joints when first he saw the low brown walls of the town and the towering date palms behind on the bank of the Nile; which had sent him running and leaping across the empty desert in the sunlight, a marrowless thing of fear. At this point, however, Feversham had made an omission. He had said nothing of the hours which he had spent crouching upon the hot sand, with his coat drawn over his head,

nothing of the reasons which prevailed with him at the end.

"He went down into Berber at the setting of the sun," said Captain Willoughby, and it was all that he had to say. It was enough, however, for Ethne Eustace. She drew a deep breath of relief, her face softened, there came a light into her grey eyes, and a smile upon her lips.

"Go on," she said eagerly.

Willoughby told her how Feversham had gone at night into the old town and found it ruined and all its landmarks gone. "The roofs had been torn off, the houses dismantled, the front walls carried away. Narrow alleys of crumbling fives' courts—that was how Feversham described the place—crossing this way and that and gaping to the stars. Here and there perhaps a broken tower, rose up the remnant of a rich man's house. But of any sign which could tell a man where the hut of Yusef, who had once sold rock-salt in the market-place, had stood, there was no hope in those acres of crumbling mud. The foxes had already made their burrows there."

The smile faded from Ethne's face, she sat in suspense, as though dreading some word of failure might come next. But one of her hands lay tightly clenched upon her knee. She opened it and saw the white feather lying in her palm and she laughed with a great contentment as she saw it. It was a proof that in this story there was to be no word of failure.

"Go on," she said.

Willoughby related the despatch of the negro with the donkey to Abou Fatma at the walls of Obak, and while he spoke, Ethne lightly blew the feather into the air and caught it as it floated rocking down, just as she had done years ago in the hall at Lennon House. But now the feather was all soiled and yellow with desert sand. It was a thing as precious to her as it had been to Harry Feversham when he first spoke of his intention to Lieutenant Sutch in the grill room of the Criterion Restaurant.

CHAPTER XIV.—ETHNE GETS BACK ONE FEATHER

"FEVERSHAM stayed for a fortnight in Berber," Willoughby continued. "A week during which he came every morning to the well and waited for the return of his negro from Obak, and a week during which that negro searched for Yusef, who had once sold rock-salt in the market place. I doubt, Miss Eustace, if you can realize, however hard you try, what that fortnight must have meant to Feversham—the anxiety, the danger, the continued expectation that a voice would bid him halt and a hand fall upon his shoulder, the urgent knowledge that if the hand fell, death would be the least part of his penalty. I imagine the town—a town of low houses and broad streets of sand dug here and there into pits for mud wherewith to build the houses, and overhead a blistering sun and a hot, shadowless sky. In no corner was there any shadow or concealment. And all day a crowd jostled and shouted up and down these streets—for that is the Mahdist policy, to crowd the towns so that all may be watched, and every other man is his neighbour's spy. Feversham dared not seek the shelter of a roof at night, for he dared not trust his tongue. He could buy his food each day at the booths, but he was afraid of any conversation. He slept at night in some corner of the old deserted town, in the acres of the ruined fives' courts. For the same reason he must not slink in the by-ways by day lest any should question him, nor listen in the public places lest other loiterers should joke with him and draw him into their talk. Nor dare he prowl about those crumbled ruins. From sunrise to sunset he must go quickly up and down the streets of the town like a man bent upon urgent business which permits of no delay. And that continued for a fortnight, Miss Eustace! A weary life, don't you think? I wish I could tell you of it as vividly as he told me that night upon the balcony at Suakin. But no doubt he will tell it to you himself. He sat in an attitude which I well remembered, his elbows on the

table, and his chin propped upon his fists."

"I remember too," said Ethne with a nod.

"In front of us was the quiet harbour and the Red Sea, above us the African stars. Feversham spoke in the quietest manner possible, but with a peculiar deliberation, and with his eyes fixed upon my face as though he was forcing me to feel with him and to understand. Well, after Feversham had lived for a fortnight in Berber, the negro discovered Yusef no longer selling salt but tending a small plantation of dhurra on the river's edge. From Yusef Feversham obtained particulars enough to guide him to the house where the letters were concealed in the inner wall. But Yusef was no longer to be trusted. Possibly Feversham's accent betrayed him. The more likely story is that Yusef took Feversham for a spy and thought it wise to confess to Mohammed el Khen, the Emir, his own share in the concealment of the letters. That, however, is a matter of conjecture. The important fact is this. On the same night Feversham went alone to Old Berber."

"Alone!" said Ethne, catching her breath. "Yes?"

"He found the house fronting a narrow alley and the sixth of the row. The front wall was destroyed, but the two side walls and the back wall still stood. Three feet from the floor and two feet from the right hand corner the letters were hidden in that inner wall. Feversham dug into the mud bricks, he made a hole wherein he could slip his hand. The wall was thick, he dug deep, stopping now and again to feel for the packet. At last his fingers clasped, he drew it out; as he hid it in the fold of his jibbeh, the light from a lantern shone upon him."

Ethne started as though she had been trapped herself. Those acres of roofless fives' courts with here and there a tower showing up against the sky, the solitary alleys, the dead sil-

ence beneath the stars to which the cries and the beating of drums and the glare of lights from the new town added no doubt a significance, Harry Feversham alone with the letters, with, in a word, some portion of his honour redeemed, and finally the lantern light flashing upon him in that solitary place—the scene itself, and the progress of the incidents were so visible to Ethne at that moment, that even with the feather in her open palm, she could hardly bring herself to believe that Harry Feversham had escaped.

"Well, well?" she asked breathlessly.

"He was standing with his face to the wall, the light came from the alley behind him. He did not turn, but out of the corner of his eye he could see a fold of a white robe. He carefully secured the packet, he had still his knife in his hand, he faced about suddenly and ran. There were two men waiting. Feversham ran at the man who held the lantern. He was aware of the point of a spear, he ducked and beat it aside with his left arm, he leaped forward and struck with his right. The Arab fell at his feet, the lantern was extinguished. Feversham sprang across the white-robed body and ran eastwards towards the open desert. He was followed by the second soldier. He had foreseen that he would be followed. If he was to escape it was indeed necessary that he should be. He crouched behind a wall and as the Arab came running by he leaped out upon his shoulders. And again as he leaped he struck. The strangest feature of those fierce short minutes to Feversham, was that he felt no fear. I don't understand that, do you?"

Ethne was silent for a little while. Then she said slowly, "When those feathers came, he told me why they were sent quite simply with his eyes on mine. When my father knew and came out into the hall, he waited quite steadily for my father. I think that I do understand and I might have understood five years ago."

In the little room off the hall at Ramelton Harry Feversham had told

her of his upbringing, of the loss of his mother, of the impassable gulf between his father and himself, of the fear of disgrace which had haunted him day and night, marking him in his thoughts with that brand of the pariah which he was to bear afterwards to the knowledge of those who had been his friends. But Ethne had not understood, indeed she would not understand. She had added the fourth white feather to the other three.

"It was an illusion, his fear of cowardice," she cried. "If only one had been a little older, a little less sure about things, a little less narrow! One would have listened, one might have understood. At all events one would not have been cruel. The merest illusion!"

Captain Willoughby curled his moustache and rubbed the side of his nose in discomfort. He had not the key to Ethne's self-upbraidings. He had a suspicion that they were directed against himself and his companions.

"Yes," said he. "But these fine distinctions you know—they are all very well in their way—very comforting to think about and all that sort of thing. But they don't work really, you know. A man who sends in his papers just because he has heard his regiment is ordered on active service, well, there's only one word for him, he's a——"

He saw Ethne's face contract and checked himself. "I won't say the word. But he's a bit thick, isn't he, Miss Eustace. Own to that in justice to us. He is a wee bit thick. And upon my word, Miss Eustace, if the affair happened again, we should be everyone of us extremely sorry for you—soul and honour we should—but supposing poor old Trench thought the feathers were the right thing, I shouldn't wonder if we sent them again."

"Trench," exclaimed Ethne for the second time with a vicious spurt of anger. She turned to Willoughby severely, "You will please not mention his name to me again. I don't wish to hear it."

"Certainly," said Willoughby, who

was rather taken aback. "But it's just as well perhaps, although he isn't having such a very good time, that he's out of your reach. There's some consolation in that;" and he drew away from Ethne along the bench and spoke with so much alarm that she could not forbear laughing.

"You are safe at all events," she said.

"An illusion was the very word Feversham used," he resumed, "at Suakin. He took the knife which he had used, from its sheath and showed it to me. He had not cleaned it, on purpose. A thick clotted rust dulled the whole length of the blade. He sat whittling away the edge of the table with his head bent over the work and said over and over again in a bitter savage sort of voice, much as you speak of poor old—no!" he exclaimed in dismay and he raised a hand to shield himself. "I am not going to mention it—soul and honour I am not. He said over and over again 'An illusion, but an illusion which has wrecked my life and destroyed a woman's happiness.' He was thinking of you, you see, all the time," said Captain Willoughby in his slyest and most insinuating tones. Ethne distinctly flinched. Captain Willoughby was perplexed. He had gone out of his way to make the most agreeable remark he could think of to his companion and she shied from it like a horse from a sheet of newspaper. He might have been threatening to hit her.

"One never seems to say the right thing to you," he said somewhat resentfully, "though why in the world you should be hurt because—"

"O, please!" she interrupted quickly. Willoughby shrugged his shoulders and gave her up. She was a woman, one of the incomprehensibles, and he went on with his story.

"Feversham sat whittling away my table for a little time afterwards, and said nothing. I had nothing in particular to say either. So the silence promised to last for an uncomfortable time. I took up the letters he had brought and opened them. They were Gordon's letters, to be sure, no doubt

of that, but they had no importance. They weren't worth the risk of a finger-nail, and I told him so. He answered 'Very likely, I did not give a great deal of thought as to whether they were of importance or not.' Why in the world then did you risk your life in Berber? I asked, and his answer fairly took me by surprise, 'Because I knew you were deputy-governor of Suakin,' he said. I thought for the moment that he was laughing at me, and believe me, Miss Eustace, I do not like to be laughed at. It offends me very much; it is not at all a pleasant thing." Captain Willoughby's voice was rising, his face flushed, he settled his collar. "Not at all a pleasant thing, and I have never allowed myself to grow used to it."

"But he was not laughing at you," said Ethne.

"No, no, to be sure," resumed Willoughby, recovering his composure, "but I had a notion that he was, and I found the notion distasteful, very distasteful, upon my word." His voice was rising again. It was evident that Captain Willoughby was singularly touchy upon the subject of ridicule. Ethne, at his side, made a movement of impatience.

"All right," he cried hastily and rather in alarm, "I am going on—soul and honour I am. He was not laughing at me. He took that feather out of his pocket and said, 'I went into Berber, I brought those letters out of Berber, with the hope that you would take that feather back.' And I did. I didn't own myself in the wrong, you understand, Miss Eustace."

"Oh no," said Ethne sympathetically, "you would not, of course, do that."

"No, but I took the feather back. I annulled my accusation of cowardice," said he, leaning back complacently in his seat, and Ethne was seized by a sudden anger against him. It swept through her, it tingled in her blood. Who was this man to bring any charges against anyone of his acquaintance? She sat waiting for him to speak, keeping him under watch from the corners

of her eyes, and ready to pounce the moment he opened his lips. But Willoughby was in no hurry to speak, and Ethne was compelled to ask "Is that all?"

"Nearly," returned Willoughby. "He asked me to go to Ramelton to seek you out, to show you the feather and to tell you the story which he told to me that night. I had some little difficulty in finding you, Miss Eustace. I traced you from Ramelton to Glenalla, from Glenalla to London, from London to Southpool—and my leave is not over long. But I thought it right." And Ethne was disarmed.

"It is very kind of you," she said remorsefully.

"No," he returned with a magnanimous wave of the hand, "you gave the feathers back to Feversham in order that he might redeem his honour. It is only right that you should know he has redeemed it, even if telling you places me in a false position."

Before he had finished his sentence Ethne had sprung to her feet. He could not see her face, for she stood a little in front of him, but it was evident that again words spoken with the kindest intention had somehow gone amiss. She stood so remarkably still.

"Your attitude," he said with some severity, "is a reflection upon my tact, don't you know?"

Ethne answered him in a very low voice.

"Will you repeat what you said again—and ever so slowly, please?"

"You gave the feathers into Feversham's hand—" he began deliberately, and at once Ethne interrupted him.

"Did he tell you that?"

"Yes. In order that he might by his conduct compel the men who gave them him to take them back."

"And did he tell you that, too?"

"No, I don't suppose he did," said Willoughby, reflectively. "I guessed the reason why you told him to take them up that night at Lennon House. One may live in the Soudan but one knows something about women after all. Feversham's disgrace was upon

the face of it, impossible to retrieve, but, granted that it was possible, the method he adopted was most unlikely to secure his end. The opportunity might never occur. As it is he waited three years in the bazaar of Suakin before it did occur. No, Miss Eustace, it needed a woman's faith to conceive that plan, a woman's encouragement, to keep the man who undertook it to his undertaking."

Ethne did not change from her attitude for a little while. She stood quite silent and still, looking straight in front of her across the creek to the dark, rising woods beyond. But when she did turn, she left Captain Willoughby in no doubt. This time his tact was not at fault, he had said what the occasion demanded. She was not merely pleased, she was proud. Her face was tender with pride and more than tender. Pride seemed in some strange way to hallow her, to give an unimagined benignance to her eyes, an unearthly brightness to the smile upon her lips and the colour upon her cheeks. So that Willoughby, looking at her, was carried out of himself.

"Yes," he cried. "You were the woman to plan this retrieval. And with you to cheer him on, it is not so wonderful that he stuck to it."

Ethne laughed very happily.

"Did he tell you of a fourth white feather?" she asked.

"No."

"I shall tell you the truth," she said, as she resumed her seat. "The plan was of his devising from first to last. Nor did I encourage him to its execution. For, until to-day I never heard a word of it. Since the night of that dance in Donegal, I have had no message from Mr. Feversham, and no news of him. I told him to take those three feathers, because they were his, and I wished to show him that I agreed with the accusations of which they were the symbols. That seems cruel? But I did more. I snapped a fourth white feather from my fan and gave him that to carry away too. It is only fair that you should know. I wanted to make an end for ever and

ever, not only of my acquaintanceship with him, but of every kindly thought he might keep of me, of every kindly thought I might keep of him. I wanted to be sure myself and I wanted him to be sure, that we should always be strangers now and—and afterwards ;” and the last words she spoke in a whisper. Captain Willoughby did not understand what she meant by it. It is possible that only Lieutenant Sutch and Harry Feversham himself would have understood.

“I was sad and sorry enough when I had done it,” she resumed. “Indeed, indeed, I think I have always been sorry since. I think that I have never at any minute during those five years quite forgotten that fourth white feather, and the quiet air of dignity with which he took it. But to-day I am glad.” And her voice, though low, rang rich with the fulness of her pride. “Oh, very glad! For this was his thought, his deed. They are both all his, as I would have them be. I had no share, and of that I am very proud. He needed no woman’s faith, no woman’s encouragement.”

“Yet he sent this back to you,” said Willoughby, pointing in some perplexity to the feather which Ethne held.

“Yes,” she said, “Yes. He knew that I should be glad to know.” And suddenly she held it close to her breast. Then she sat for a while with her eyes shining.

“And all this happened in the spring!” she said. “It is strange. I had no thought of it. What was I doing in the spring?”

“In the spring of last year,” said Willoughby.

Ethne turned quickly towards him. “Last year! You don’t mean that, Captain Willoughby,” she cried, and then changed to a voice of pleading. “It was this spring. You have made a mistake. Say that you have made it. Please! please!”

Willoughby shook his head. He did not understand Ethne’s agitation.

“I have made no mistake. It was last year.”

“Then why did you not come to me last year?”

“My leave was not long enough. What difference would it have made?”

Ethne laughed rather bitterly, but she gave him no answer. Last year she herself had been free, this year she was not. “It is not worth while to say,” she said.

“To tell the truth, I thought it very likely that I might find Feversham had come back before me,” said Willoughby.

“Oh, no,” returned Ethne. “There could be no possibility of that. There are the other two feathers you see.”

“Ah, but he can never persuade the men who sent them to take them back, as he persuaded me.”

“Why not?”

“Castleton was killed at Tamai. Poor old—I must repeat his name—poor old Trench is a prisoner at Omdurman.”

“Trench!” she exclaimed, striking one hand into the other, and she actually smiled. She was pleased, it seemed, with the knowledge that Captain Trench, who had devised this message of the feathers, had found the world go hardly with him, too.

“I don’t think you can have any idea,” said Willoughby seriously, “of what captivity at Omdurman implies. If you did, however much you disliked the captive, believe me, you would not laugh.”

Ethne remained stubbornly silent under this reproof; and Willoughby continued:—

“No. Feversham has done all that was reasonably possible. I told him so, and he accepted my advice. For he took the first steamer which touched at Suakin, on its way to Suez, and so left the Soudan.”

He stopped abruptly, and his face took on an expression of surprise.

“Durrance, by Jove!” he cried.

“Hush,” returned Ethne immediately, and her face grew white and her eyes closed for a moment as though she were in pain. She followed the direction of Willoughby’s glance. In the very entrance to the enclosure

stood the one man who must not meet Willoughby, who must never know of his coming. She looked about her, though she knew very well that she would look in vain. There was no way of egress from this square of hedge and creek but that by which Durrance was entering.

"Keep still," she said in a whisper. "You know him?"

"Of course. He was three years at Suakin. I heard that he had gone blind. I am glad to know that it is not true." This he said noticing the freedom of Durrance's gait.

"Speak lower," returned Ethne. "It is true. He *is* blind."

"One would never have thought it. What can I say to him?"

"Say nothing!"

Durrance was still standing in the entrance of the enclosure, and as it seemed, looking straight towards the two people seated on the bench.

"Ethne," he said rather than called; and the quiet, unquestioning voice made the illusion that he saw extraordinarily complete.

"It's impossible that he is blind," said Willoughby; "he sees us."

"He sees nothing."

Again Durrance called "Ethne!" but now in a louder voice and a voice of doubt.

"He is not sure," whispered Ethne.

"Keep very still."

"Why?"

"He must not know you are here," and lest Willoughby should move she caught his arm tight in her hand. Willoughby did not pursue his enquiries. Ethne's manner constrained him to silence. She sat very still, and in a queer huddled attitude, she was even holding her breath, she was staring at Durrance with a great fear in her eyes, her face was strained forward and not a muscle of it moved, so that Willoughby, as he looked at her, was conscious of a certain excitement which grew on him for no reason but her remarkable apprehension. He began unaccountably himself to fear lest he should be discovered.

"He is coming in," he whispered.

"Not a word, not a movement."

"Ethne!" Durrance again cried. He advanced firmly into the enclosure and towards the seat. Ethne and Captain Willoughby sat rigid watching him. He passed in front of the bench and stopped actually facing them. Surely, thought Willoughby, he sees. His eyes were upon them; he stood easily as though he were about to speak to them. Even Ethne, though she very well knew, began to doubt her knowledge.

"Ethne!" he said again, and this time in the quiet voice which he had just used. But since again no answer came, he shrugged his shoulders and turned towards the creek. His back was towards them now, but Ethne's experience had taught her to appreciate almost indefinable signs in his bearing, now that his face showed her so little. Something in his attitude, in the poise of his head, even in the carelessness with which he swung his stick, told her that he was listening. Her grasp tightened on Willoughby's arm. Thus they remained for the space of a minute and then Durrance turned suddenly and took a step towards the seat. He was going to sit down. But immediately he changed his mind.

"I wonder where in the world she can be," he said to himself aloud, and he walked back and out of the enclosure. Ethne did not free Captain Willoughby's arm until Durrance had disappeared from sight. Then she drew a breath of relief and leaned back in the seat with her hand to her forehead, like one who is overspent and tired. And Willoughby as he had shared in her suspense now shared in her release from it.

"That was a close shave," he said as he wiped his forehead. "Suppose that Durrance had sat down? You must have moved. How would you have explained your silence?"

"I had not thought of what I should do." Ethne answered in a weak voice and then she took her hand from her brow and turned to Willoughby. "Colonel Durrance must never know of your

visit here. He must never know that Mr. Feversham came to you in Suakin—"

"Oh, but I say," he interrupted. "Surely that's not quite playing the game, is it, Miss Eustace? Durrance was Feversham's great friend. He ought to be told that I have taken the feather back and withdrawn my accusation, oughtn't he?—even though it puts me in rather a ridiculous light."

"Colonel Durrance does not even know that the feathers were ever sent to Mr. Feversham. He does not know

why my engagement was broken off, and there are reasons, great reasons now, why he must never know."

She stooped as she spoke and picked up the white feather which had fallen to the ground when she had clutched at Willoughby's arm. Willoughby was not satisfied.

"What reason?" he asked stubbornly. "I think I must know before I promise to keep silence."

"I am engaged to Colonel Durrance," said Ethne.

TO BE CONTINUED

LOVE'S LAW

A FAIR Maid had a heart and sought to sell it,
And many came to gaze, and some to buy,
And one poor lad (alack ! I weep to tell it),
Who did but sigh and sob, and sob and sigh,
"Why do you sigh and sob, good lad ?" I said.
"Alas, have you not heard ? Sweet Cupid's dead."

And rich men came and flashed rare gems, and flaunted
Smooth silks to soften sleep ; and great men came
And offered gilt renown ; and princes vaunted
The tawdry splendour of a noble name.
But still the Maiden shook her lovely head,
"Your wares do shine, but so does glass," she said.

But one sweet Night that whispered like a lover,
The lad of sobs and sighs slipped thro' the crowd
And stole the heart. And when they did discover
The prize was gone, the Rich and Great and Proud
Denounced the thief ; but she did turn soft eyes
Of liquid love on him, and spoke thus-wise :

"The law of love is good. Yet doth it punish
Not him who steals, but him who pays ; and cries
Him but a foolish knave who doth diminish
By what he gives the worth of what he buys.
For lawful love is most unlawful trade,
And he who steals shall keep," the Maiden said.

Ralph M. Jones

IN THE SECRET SERVICE

A Series of Thirteen Distinct Episodes

By ROBERT BUCKLEY

EPISODE XII.—THE STRANGE CASE OF JOHN TIMBS

ANTHONY HALLAM is decidedly tantalizing at times. He will approach a story, nibble at it, throw out the most interesting hints, and, just as you think it is coming, he will fly off at a tangent on the subject of gardening. Three precious evenings were wasted in this way. On the fourth he drifted insensibly into the narrative of another complete reminiscence.

"The strange case of John Timbs," he said, "at first, and indeed for long afterwards, presented the appearance of an insoluble mystery. And this feature possessed so much charm for me, that I actually took up the affair during my hard-earned holidays! I had read the story from first to last, and had before me a complete report of the proceedings. The locale of the crime was suitable for holiday purposes; it was 'truly rural,' and was commonly spoken of as a 'lovely country with capital fishing.' Now, although I was not a disciple of Izaak Walton, I was willing to learn the gentle art he loved so well, and besides, the pretence of fishing would admirably cover my real business.

"So I went down with a complete fit-out of fishing tackle, and comfortably ensconced myself in a clean little tavern called the 'Coach and Horses,' a sign which dated from some prehistoric day when the place was a borough town, and before the railway which had chosen to pass six miles away had left the old borough high and dry. Looking at the village with modern eyes, it was hard to believe that it had once returned two members to Parliament. Yet so it was. A peaceful,

wholesome, old-world little country-town rather than a village, though it had all the character of a village. All the inhabitants had gardens, and all were good gardeners. I could have lived at the 'Coach and Horses' Inn, Priors Broomfield,' for ever!

"Yet the trail of the serpent was there. A cruel murder had been committed, a cruel and mysterious murder, apparently without adequate motive, and by some person not only unknown but also entirely unsuspected. The seeming absence of motive was an inexplicable feature of the case, but this was only one puzzle of many. The facts were as follows:—

"John Timbs was an old and highly respected member of the county constabulary, who, owing to his advancing years, had been placed in this quiet district by way of providing him with a sinecure in which to serve the short time remaining between him and his pension.

"He was a tall, active man of fifty or thereabouts, and was noted for his genial good-temper and philanthropic habit of mind. Unruly drunkards were coaxed home. Trespassers were gently warned to desist. Disputing neighbours were brought together and helped to make it up without recourse to the law. John Timbs had been the Broomfield policeman for years without a single serious case. True, he had been compelled to execute a warrant which commanded him to arrest one Thomas Moss, of Beaconbank, a wild ne'er-do-well farmer, who had failed to comply with an order of the County Court. And the joke was that Tom had taken out his horse and trap

and had driven himself and Timbs to the market town and the wrathful judge. Timbs was a universal favourite, and the most popular man in the district, not excepting the squire. And yet John Timbs had been foully murdered in cold blood.

"Stated in the baldest form, the case stood thus: Timbs had left home for a 'meeting,' which is the local term for the intersection of patrol-points, concerning which few persons beyond the police know anything at all. But the fact remains that the rural police have regularly planned marches, and that at certain fixed hours they meet each other at certain points and exchange information, and so forth. On the occasion in question Timbs had started at midnight to walk to a spot called Blytheford, a distance of three miles, where, at a rural bridge, he was to meet the police officer of High Ridware, who on his part had to walk three miles from the opposite direction. Timbs lived in the middle of Broomfield, which consists of one long street. He had walked clear of the houses, and was descending a hill well within the first mile of his journey when he was stabbed from behind and fell dead. So terrible was the blow that the weapon had passed completely through the body and left a wound on the chest. The corpse of Timbs was found by a farm labourer named Talbot, when going to work at five on a summer morning.

"The poor fellow's watch and purse were untouched, but his Indian medal was gone. Timbs had been in the army, had served through the Indian Mutiny, and on high days and holidays was accustomed to wear his medal. On the eve of the fatal day he was present at the Yeomanry Drill, and did not remove the medal on returning home. Poor Timbs seemed to have an amiable weakness for his decoration, and would don it on the slightest excuse—even at the annual 'walk of the Oddfellows' and Foresters' Clubs.' It was his sign of festivity, and shone out conspicuously against the blue coat. There was something pathetic

in the remark of his widow, a decent matronly body of forty-five, 'I would rather they had taken anything than his medal,' she said; 'John thought so much of it!'

"Was robbery the motive of the murder? Was John Timbs killed for his watch, purse and medal, and was the murderer disturbed, or did he lack courage to search his victim's pockets? If so, he had gained but little. To offer the medal for sale was to run the risk of immediate arrest—to reduce it to ore was to bring its value to next to nothing. The motive seemed inadequate, though murders have been committed in England for less than a silver medal, a silver watch, and the probable contents of a rural policeman's purse. And if the robbery motive were dismissed, why did the murderer take the medal?

"Timbs had no children, and the authorities were looking after the interests of his widow, who was inconsolable. I saw a good deal of Mrs. Timbs, and ascertained from her a number of points that had presented themselves to my mind. Timbs had risen at eleven—it was his week of night-patrols, and after a cup of coffee and a smoke had set forth cheerfully in the balmy air of a summer midnight in the country. She expected him to return at six, but instead of that a horrified neighbour had rushed to her door, and having awoke her, called from the street in the delicate manner of the rural English, 'Your husband's been murdered!' Mrs. Timbs clearly knew no more than anyone else; had not—and here was my great point—had not any knowledge of any secret enemy; had never heard John express an unfavourable opinion of anyone in the place; was quite sure there was no one whom he disliked; was positive that no one had a grudge against him. Everbody liked her John, from the children at the infant school to old Daddy Green in the almshouses, who was ninety-three—all of which was true.

"Yet somebody had slain John Timbs! His popularity was undoubted; the excellence of his heart was

beyond question—but he was dead, and by a stab in the back! Who had killed him? What was the motive? Where was the medal? When I had talked to my heart's content with the widow, I contrived to become acquainted with the medical man of the district, a Dr. Houghton, who had been on particularly intimate terms with John Timbs. The policeman had fought in India; the doctor had served in the Army Medical Department, also in India, though neither had ever heard of the other till they met at Priors Broomfield. Dr. Houghton was an enthusiast in his profession, and willingly told me all he knew concerning the wound which had cost John Timbs his life. And here again was mystery.

"The blow was struck upwards as from the striker's right hip, the wound under the left shoulder-blade being lower than the small punctured wound on the chest where the point of the fatal instrument had protruded. The weapon was not flat, but triangular—Dr. Houghton was quite clear as to this remarkable feature; he had seen too many old-fashioned bayonet wounds to have any doubt whatever. Further, the weapon was probably about the length of a bayonet, for it had been driven to the hilt, and a slight semi-circular bruise had at once demonstrated this, and the fact that the hilt or handle had a circular guard which had struck the body at an angle. But the wound, though resembling the stab of a bayonet, was not a bayonet wound. It was too small, too fine; closely resembling the wound inflicted by an Italian stiletto of the triangular type. And, though the utmost inquiry had been made, no one in the village had been able to remember having seen such an instrument in the possession of any inhabitant—or anywhere else. And in a place like Priors Broomfield the neighbours knew each other's simple possessions to a nicety, while if anybody owns anything new or unique, the whole neighbourhood is acquainted with the fact at once.

"No strangers were staying in the

village at the time of the murder, nor had any been seen in the vicinity; though it was said that during the previous week the whole country-side had flocked to the place to visit a circus which had for six consecutive days performed on the village green. I pricked up my ears at mention of the circus, but 'lay low,' knowing how the ordinary British intellect would scoff at the notion that a circus which had left the village a week before, could have anything to do with the murder. My first inquiries elicited nothing to help me. It was easy to surmise that the village policeman, dressed in a little brief authority, might have come into conflict with the circus folks. But John Timbs was not a meddlesome officer. On the contrary, he had made things easy all round, and had won over the proprietor to invite all the school children to a morning performance. John Timbs had begged a half-holiday for the children; had escorted them to the show; had stayed with them through the entertainment; had explained the clown's jokes; had told them all about the elephant; had, in short, been the life and soul of the affair, sitting up with military stiffness, a smile on his lip, the Lucknow medal on his breast.

"When the show was over the children sang 'God Save the Queen,' and John Timbs had called for three cheers for the proprietor, and three more for the performers, and the proprietor had made a neat speech, in which he said that in twenty-five years' travelling he had never met with a policeman like John Timbs, and called for three cheers for him. And when the children cheered more lustily than ever, John, who was fond of children, blew his nose hard, and said that cheerin' him was all nonsense, but he liked to see the kids enjoyin' theirselves. And when the circus struck its tent and trekked, John walked with the vans as far as Blytheford, the very place he was going to when he met his fate just six days afterwards.

"The circus idea was therefore a trifle frosty, yet somehow my mind

still dwelt upon it. I had ample opportunity for thought. My favourite spot for fishing, or pretending to fish, was worthy of a Shakespeare's description when in his best vein. A winding river, the Blythe, Izaak's Blythe, rippled sinuously through a lovely meadow brilliant with bright-hued wild-flowers through which you walked knee-deep. The Blythe at Prior's Broomfield is not a majestic river, but rather a big, clear, overgrown, saucy trout-brook, winding through rich meadows having much old timber. My favourite stretch was reached by a long, lonely lane, grass-grown and bordered with high hedgerows. Two fields from the lane ran the stream, meandering in the most eccentric and irregular way, with still, deep spots under immense tangles of dog-roses and shallow swirls at the curves. Here and there were fords with a few inches of water splashing over the pebbles, and as you lay down on the bank the blackbirds and throistles sang good-morning from the wild rose-bushes. You might sit there for a week and never see a soul. I sat and pondered, or let my mind lie fallow, awaiting inspiration and getting splendidly sunburnt. As for the fish—well, they bore me no malice. I didn't hurt 'em much!

"The circus haunted me. What should I do? It had stayed a week at High Ridware, and thither I went. The rural officer who had waited in vain for John Timbs on that fatal morning was an intelligent man—for a rural officer—and knew a lot about John Timbs. It seemed that John had been liked by his equals and also by his superiors, but—he had never been promoted, having in past days lost his chances through an inclination to drink. Twenty years before he had narrowly escaped dismissal, and though he had been an abstainer during the last ten years, amendment came too late, and moreover his earlier escapades had destroyed confidence in his reliability. In fact, it was whispered that but for some special service in India which had gained him the favour and

support of the military authorities, he would have been dismissed from the force with disgrace. As it was, he was only moved into a quiet district where his slips were not known, and where he might have another chance. His wife was a splendid woman, and had been the making of him. Grand woman was Mary Timbs!

"As to the circus, it had gone on to Armitage, and then to Lichfield, but where it was now he did not know. Yes, he went to several performances, to keep order, and—to see the show. Yes, they were quiet, decent folks enough, were riders and mountebanks; circus-folks were a harmless class. He had met with them all, except one, a foreigner, a juggler. Very clever man at it, too, most remarkable! Rama, the Great Indian Magician, they called him; did all sorts of things with plates and peacocks' feathers and oranges; kept five plates in the air at once; balanced the feathers on his head and caught six oranges, thrown to him from the upper seats, on the point of a dagger; wonderful, it was, nothing like it had ever been seen in High Ridware. The Lichfield police would know where the circus was; it had stayed a fortnight, in the cathedral city; a circus was easily traced.

"I re-examined Dr. Houghton, but obtained no further particulars. The performers were of the ordinary type, he thought. The 'Great Indian Magician,' he said, had only appeared once during the stay of the show at Priors Broomfield. John Timbs had tried to see him after the performance, having a desire to interview him as a native of India, where John had spent some of his best years. But Rama had declined on the plea of indisposition. He had felt unwell all the day, and after the first performance did not re-appear. And Dr. Houghton chuckled as he suggested that the 'Great Rama' was probably an East End Londoner who did not wish to be detected in his true character. His name was more likely to be Rogers than 'Rama,' laughed the doctor, 'and he didn't want to meet with a man who had been in India, and

who would therefore see through him and damage his prestige.'

"I held my peace, but continued to brood on the circus and its fortunes, my mind especially centring on 'Rama, the Great Indian Magician.' Why, I cannot tell, but I felt that I would like to see that show, wherever it might be. I soon located it, and in a few days found myself under its hospitable canvas. It was a good show, though not an enormous affair. The riders rode as they always ride, the tumblers were as aforetime; the clowns cracked the time-honoured jokes at which our grandfathers roared in their innocent youth; the ring-master cracked his whip in the olden manner; even the smell of sawdust and oranges was not wanting. And yet the thing was not complete. Rama, the Great Indian Magician, was not there. Rama, for whom my soul hankered exceedingly; Rama, whose juggling had elicited the warmest encomiums possible to the eloquence of the High Ridware policeman; Rama, whose illness at Priors Broomfield had deprived John Timbs of an introduction, and the villagers of five days' juggling turns; Rama, who was, to my mind, the most attractive feature of the show. Where, O where was Rama? Where was the Great Indian Magician?

"I saw the proprietor and complained that the bills promised more than they performed. He said the charge was true, but through no fault of his. The bills were printed in large quantities, and if a man dropped dead or absconded, or was taken ill, why, all he, the proprietor, had to look to was the indulgence of the public. Here was this Rama, under an engagement for three years, and with six months (and rather better) to run, pretending the climate didn't suit him, and backing off his turn on pretence of being out of form, until he might as well have been out of the show altogether. What could you do with a man that missed his tip and got the thing laughed at? By 'missing his tip' he meant that a skilled performer might fail to do what he was announced to do, and so bring

discredit on the concern. You might take a horse to the water, but you couldn't make him drink. And in a like manner, you might compel a juggler to appear in the ring, but you couldn't make him catch his plates or his oranges, and to make apologies on the ground of illness after the performance was no good. Fact was, these Hindoos were unreliable and never ought to be allowed out of their own country. For his part he wouldn't announce another on the bills if he offered to perform for nothing.

"Where was he? Gone home, or at any rate, he had started for home. Never done any good since the Monday performance at Priors Broomfield, six weeks before. So here, at Derby, he, the proprietor, had agreed to break the contract, and Rama had packed his box and gone—yesterday. Southampton, he believed, was his port. And the proprietor intimated a hope that the Great Rama might shortly arrive in a much hotter region than his native Hindostan. He was a sly, sneaking hound, and though as mild as milk in manner, was a cut-throat at heart. A good juggler though; never saw a better.

"The proprietor unconsciously crystallized the vague suspicions—the ridiculous suspicions which I had scarcely dare to confess to myself, and, impelled by something which you may call either instinct or inspiration, according to taste, I actually followed the great Rama to Southampton. Was it not in appearance something of a wild-geese chase? Yet John Timbs had been in India; Rama came from that country; John Timbs had seen Rama at the show and desired an introduction; Rama had seen John Timbs and pleaded indisposition, nor did he again appear at Priors Broomfield. Did some occult motive prompt this indisposition? The show was located at High Ridware, six miles away, when the murder was committed on the road leading from Priors Broomfield to High Ridware. That was a suggestive fact. Had Rama recognized John while John had failed to

recognize Rama? Had Rama 'got level' for some ancient injury, and had he then taken the earliest opportunity of getting away, unmolested, to his native land? If he had absconded at once the proprietor of the circus could have arrested him under the contract, which would have brought him into the hands of the police. Such was the gist of my musings.

"I reached Southampton a few hours too late. Rama had timed his journey to the utmost nicety and England knew him no more. But the boat was to touch at Brindisi, and there the 'Great Rama' was captured neatly enough. I need not go minutely into details of what next transpired. The Lucknow medal was found in Rama's box, along with the three-cornered Indian stiletto which he had used in his orange-impaling feat, and a few documents which enabled us to establish his identity. He was the son of an Indian Rajah who had been imprisoned for shameless treachery during the Indian Mutiny, and who was further punished by the confiscation of his property, and consequent reduction to beggary. I suppose you know something of the Hindoo lust for revenge and how they cultivate the feeling and perpetuate the notion from one generation to another? John Timbs had discovered the Rajah's plot; John Timbs was the principal witness, the fatal witness in the court-martial held on the Rajah—whose son, a boy of ten or twelve, was present during the trial. And John Timbs, twenty-five years later, had paid the penalty with his life.

"Yet, so far as we could learn, the meeting was accidental. How Rama knew of John's nocturnal expeditions, or how he left his van and returned unobserved we never discovered. We might have made it out if the Great Rama had not given us the slip."

"You don't mean to say that he escaped unpunished?"

"We found him dead in his cell at Brindisi, a borrowed cell with which the

Italian authorities obliged us until we had made arrangements for the return to England. Poison, the doctors said, a subtle something he had concealed about him. And when the medal was found, of course he knew the game was up."

"Why had he taken the medal?"

"Doubtless to exhibit it as a trophy, and as a sort of testimony that he had revenged the ruin of his house. The old Rajah was still living, and both he and his blood relations would have welcomed the assassin as a hero of the first water. You know that morality is merely a matter of climate and custom?"

I admitted that the philosophers had arrived at that painful conclusion.

"What the Englishwoman thinks shocking and unspeakable, the Mohammedan woman thinks very proper indeed. On the other hand, the Mohammedan woman holds it to be a sacred and indisputable fact that a woman who shows an uncovered face in the streets is dead to all sense of shame, and unworthy of a moment's consideration. In like manner what the Englishman would regard as a mean and cowardly murder, might be to the Hindoo, as in this case, a noble and honourable deed, and one that went far to rehabilitate his father and family in the eyes of all good men. We think our standard correct; they think it absurd, and would tell you that their civilization is three times as old as yours, and that their ancestors were highly civilized and building magnificent temples when yours were howling savages living on raw flesh and painting themselves blue—a coat of paint was their only garment."

"Nonsense," said I.

"Hard, unassailable fact," retorted Anthony, "but plain truth is always unwelcome."

He sometimes shows his biting cynical vein. But he means well. Still, I shall never see blue paint without remembering his remarks concerning our common ancestors. (10 bl. 10 l.)

THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF

By R. Henry Mainer

JOSIAH JAMIESON was a self-made man, and it was the boast of his old age. Twenty years had elapsed since he had entered the limits of the little hamlet where lay buried the golden egg of his future successes, and which as time passed some railroad official had designated as Black Rock.

In making himself Josiah Jamieson had fathered the upbringing of the town, and with the instinct of a far-seeing speculator had possessed himself of the lion's share of it. He had also founded the business which had set him above the ordinary cares of living and comfort.

His stores were very cosmopolitan in their lines of merchandise, comprising mill supplies, mining outfits, groceries, and articles of wear for the inhabitants. He also dabbled somewhat in lumber, and the solitary saw-mill on the neighbouring river-bank was embodied in his deeds of ownership.

As his age crept upon him he realized that his interests needed the hand of one more skilled in the matter of books and figures. So it was that one bright morning found a stranger poring over the dusty ledgers, and Josiah standing idly by, puffing his pipe with the self-consciousness of a man who has known prosperity.

Besides this goodly share of worldly possessions, Josiah had an only child, a daughter, and his intentions regarding her were in accordance with what he considered his heir should require. To this end her home-training was all that a doting parent could devise. When she had turned seventeen he sent her east to Montreal, where, under the strict eye of a maiden aunt, she was to be schooled in the accomplishments necessary to a lady of culture.

The new bookkeeper had spent a half-year of work within the precincts of the little back office, and certainly he had brought remarkable order and system out of the chaos into which the

affairs of the firm had drifted. This gave Josiah much satisfaction, and he had remarked to a friend in a burst of confidence, that "The fellow is a rare one at figures and very obliging to boot for an ordinary collegier."

A letter arrived at this time from his daughter bringing the announcement that she had completed her term of education, and also a trip across to the seats of fashion in the old world, and that she was returning home for a well-earned holiday and rest. As usual, the proud father made his morning call at his office, and with forced calmness proceeded to inspect the work of his secretary, adding a few words of condemnation or praise as the case demanded. Then he shifted to the main object of his visit.

"I want you to take the cart and go to the station to meet my daughter Jean, whom I am expecting on the ten o'clock train. I think the drive would do you good, and I will keep the desk until your return."

So it came about that Tom Burrows met Jean Jamieson.

Months later Tom Burrows reviewed his past with no small amount of displeasure as he sat in his room smoking his pipe of reflection. In some inexplicable manner the whole course of his life had gone wrong. He had already passed the age of twenty-five, when, according to his opinion, every man should have the channel, into which his talents might be directed, well grooved to the accomplishment. His early days had been spent in thoughtlessness and ease; these included three years at college where he had intended to graduate a full-fledged M.D. However, circumstances often ruin plans for the future. When he suddenly discovered that it was cramping his father's waning income and also seriously hindering the chance of his younger brothers and sisters, of which

he had a goodly number, he determined to utilize his abilities in a more practical and less expensive sphere. His decision had come as a sore blow to his mother, who held him, her oldest boy, as a cherished ideal, who should be a trifle better than the ordinary, no matter what the sacrifice. But so it was that he accepted the position under the worthy magnate of Black Rock.

Then to think that this sprig of a girl had well-nigh upset his whole career. Full well his memory pictured that morning four months before when he had driven the homely family cart to the depot to meet this daughter of his employer, and how she had treated him with striking *hauteur*. She had even mistaken him for her father's coachman, and yet her very prudishness seemed but to lend a glamour of romance to her, which had caught him in a veritable web! How often she had entered her father's store, accompanied by some of the youthful professionals of the place, and seemed to delight in airing her superiority to this common office man! True, her pettishness and affectations sat well upon her dainty figure, and a certain indefinable odour of perfume seemed to pervade the dinginess of the office when she entered. At times he seemed to see beyond her outward nature, and at these rare intervals he caught a momentary glance of a character which, if allowed to assert itself, might have endeared her to the coarsest mortal. He often noted how Old Josiah watched her every move, and how the staid, old-fashioned home of the Jamiesons became the centre of the fashionable house parties and afternoon teas. Then as a crowning tribute to the witcheries, young Dr. Ames, voted by all the mothers of marriageable daughters as the swellest match in the district, had quite lost his heart to this coquettish little heiress.

Since the day of their first meeting Tom had fought down his feelings by applying himself to his desk with redoubled vigour, endeavouring to convince himself that his opinion of her was much the reverse of favourable.

On this night in question he had ceased to wrestle, and upon the eve of resignation to the hand of fate he had summed the whole matter up and voted himself one of the greatest fools that ever lived. A square pink envelope lay unopened upon his dresser, and after arriving at this fairly satisfactory conclusion he tore off the head and scanned the contents, although he could have guessed what it contained. It was an invitation which the youthful mistress of the Jamieson household had sent him, to spend the evening, no doubt prompted by the advice of her father. The weather had developed into one of those January blizzards which periodically sweep across the Northwest prairie, almost overwhelming the towns which lay within its circle, and Tom was loath to brave its fury for such a cause, and yet unconsciously he began to dress, and in time he had reached the home of his employer. To his surprise he found that but one guest besides himself had been bidden, none other than Dr. Ames, who of late had been almost a constant visitor.

Supper had been served. While Jean and the Doctor conversed in low tones at one end of the long drawing-room, Tom sat at the other with Mr. Jamieson and exchanged mutual confidences on the business aspect of the coming season. Yet he was not wholly indifferent to the scene before him. The little lady looked peculiarly bewitching and altogether disdainful, and to his eye she was playing her cards with the young medical with a tact and grace which apparently absorbed his entire attention. The hour was wearing slowly along, to Tom especially, and then a hurried summons at the door brought Mrs. Jamieson from the regions of the dining-room in answer. A sudden noise, as of people scurrying past, followed, and Tom realized that the call of fire had been raised. Mrs. Jamieson cried out in a frightened voice that it was the mill, and then Tom had passed her in the hallway, and was out on the street.

Already the flames, caught by the storm that howled without, were lighting up the town like a new sun.

The scene of indescribable confusion which ensued could never be forgotten by those more intimately concerned. The crude fire-fighting apparatus frozen solid, refused to work, and as the red streamers wrapt about the mill and swept across the roofs of the warehouse and stores adjoining, the people knew that Josiah Jamieson's worldly possessions were doomed.

Tom, looming out in the released mettle of a college athlete, made herculean efforts to stay the ruin. Followed by a number of men he thawed the hose, directed the streams of water, helped to throw out the goods from the store, cleared the office of its precious books and papers. In fact, storm or heat mattered little to him then, for a cowering female, wrapped in a mighty fur-lined cloak, had looked up into his grimy face through a mist of tears and had said something. He never tarried to hear what it was, but leapt again into the battle royal.

In the early morning a smouldering heap of ashes and half-burnt woodwork alone marked the spot where Jamieson's store and mill had stood, and around it in a jumbled-up mass was the merchandise which had been saved. Only one small building which had been used as an office had missed the fury of the flames, and that was only through the gigantic efforts of the men and a fortunate veering of the wind.

Josiah Jamieson had been seized with a paralytic stroke during the destruction of his property and lay at his home with two doctors in constant attendance, and to Tom fell the task of managing this almost inextricable condition of affairs. Suddenly from a quiet office-man he had assumed the air of general manager and gave his orders and went about his work as if it was his own. And how he strove. Two, three and four weeks passed and the insurance had been settled, a warehouse hastily erected, new goods bought, and plans for a much more pretentious store of brick considered

and selected. As soon as possible business had been commenced and everything that could be done was done, and all this time Josiah Jamieson could not move hand or foot, but lay in his home and thanked heaven that such a man as Tom Burrows lived. In the office a new bookkeeper sat diligently fathoming the mysteries of the files of statements and sheets of figures, and when Tom came in after his day's work and examined the efforts of his junior, and oftentimes with studied severity corrected this or disentangled that, Jean Jamieson blushed and held her face the closer to the books. Thus they spent night after night.

Then a letter came to Tom from home, and it contained news of much import to him. His father, by some lucky disposal of property, had tided over the depression and was again in a financial position to assist his son, and even dictated what that son should at once do. All day he moodily pondered over the contents which, strange to say, had brought no joy to him, but in the evening he threw his whole mind into the office work with such fervour that Miss Jean had to stand idly by in wonder. At last the task was completed and he turned about and looked his helper squarely in the face. With a woman's perception she read trouble in his gaze and her cheeks blanched to a whiter hue. The deep traces of the unaccustomed worry and toil were painfully apparent.

"Miss Jean," he began, looking away into space, "I have news from home to-day, and perhaps it is bad news for somebody too. You can get Johnson from the store to take my place as he knows the affairs more clearly than any of the rest, and then as spring comes on and your father gains in strength you can vacate this hotel and enjoy a well-earned vacation."

Burrows could not repress a feeling of humiliation almost akin to shame, as he repeated this last sentence, and also discerned a tear slowly gathering in those saucy blue eyes out of which the fire had well-nigh burnt itself.

"Perhaps we can get along without

you, Tom—or Mr. Burrows I should say," she repeated absently. Then, with a sudden return of her old spirit, she stamped her pretty foot. "If I were only a man—just for one year; but I can't master those horrid books and my head aches and I'm sick, too."

A sob had broken in upon her speech and she laid her golden head upon her arm.

Tom felt as if he would appreciate a sound kicking. Instinctively he placed his hand upon her hair and in a fatherly way he stroked it soothingly.

A few minutes of silence passed and then she was herself again, and as she regained her composure her angry eyes shot dangerous glances. "You may go away if you like, and we can live without you. We did so before

you came and we will do so again as long as I can see to write."

A smile crept into Tom's face at the defiance and he almost whispered, "Do you want me to stay, Jean?"

"No, you horrid beast of a man, a thousand times no." The words were strongly put, but the face belied the meaning, and Tom caught her in his strong arms and there, after a momentary struggle, she allowed herself to stay, while he asked her to repeat that again if she dared.

"Then you'll stay, Tom?" she asked in well-feigned surprise.

"Yes," he answered, and she kissed him then and there and that settled the bargain.

And so Tom Burrows had found himself.

WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By

M. Maclean Helliwell

MEN may come and men may go, but there is one creature in this world who, like that boastful egotist the babbling brook of immortal fame, seems to have taken his place among us "forever." I refer to that distressing gentleman, the diligent microbe-hunter who resembles the poor not alone in the fact that he is always with us, but that he invariably insists upon flaunting his microbes in our faces, as beggars flaunt their rags, whenever we are feeling particularly gay and light-hearted.

As it never fails that in the moment in which we have succeeded in turning our thoughts quite away from the pain and poverty and misery of the world, our eyes are certain to fall immediately upon some unusually wretched Lazarus, so it as inevitably happens that whenever we have forgotten for the

instant all about him and the horrible little menagerie in which he delights, this irrepressible disturber of the public peace is sure to rise up before us with a complete new set of shiver-producing statements as to the deadly microbe-perils with which we are hourly surrounded. It was only to be expected, therefore, that as the fruit season approaches and we begin to entertain tender thoughts of the delicious sequence of strawberries, cherries, peaches, and grapes which we are about to enjoy, this terrible individual should suddenly appear, armed with an array of startling figures and nauseating facts more than sufficient to destroy in five minutes the most ardent yearning for the fruits of the earth.

It seems that some enterprising scientist has been struck by the golden opportunities which the downy surface

of the peach or the tempting interstices of a close cluster of plump grapes must afford to any microbe at all on the alert for a suitable field for the development of his peculiar activities, particularly when such fruit is the stock-in-trade of a soft-voiced insistent Italian, who holds godliness as a thing quite apart from cleanliness—and this scientist has been making some experiments. Alas, these experiments have shown that the luscious banana, soft and juicy in its trig yellow jacket, in the hands of the unconscious son of Italy becomes changed from an innocent and appetizing morsel into a frightful "yellow terror," and that on the skin of one highly-polished apple, picked from a stall in the market place, a million murderous microbes may be holding high carnival!

The industrious scientist took various kinds of fruit—apples, bananas, peaches, etc., picked at random from fruit-vendors in the street, and after washing them thoroughly, inoculated with the poisoned water divers unfortunate guinea pigs and other helpless things usually sacrificed upon such occasions by man for the gratification of man's curiosity, scientific or otherwise. The result was disastrous to the animals thus used, and in a pint or so of water the bacilli of almost every known, and possibly a few unknown, diseases were found in overwhelming numbers, the smallpox representative being particularly lively and plentiful.

This is really too bad. What is to be done about it? There is nothing now left to us but to cling exclusively to health foods, and even these have their detractors. The scientist, after laying bare the danger, offers three avenues of escape. His first solution is to pick your fruit yourself. This sounds simple but has its difficulties, for to one whose fancy lightly turned from peaches to bananas, from bananas to grapes, then back perchance to strawberries, personal picking would entail some very rapid and extensive globe-trotting.

The second suggestion is to abstain from fruit-eating, but this scarcely

seems to commend itself; it is too sweeping and uncompromising. His last and best advice is to wash all fruit very thoroughly in ice-water and peel everything peelable. This, like the other suggestions, possesses the charm of simplicity, but its value is enhanced by its practicability, and perhaps it would not be unwise to remember it.

It is announced that Mrs. Fiske will open her engagement at the Manhattan Theatre next year in a powerful play by the renowned German dramatist, Paul Heyse, entitled *Mary of Magdala*, in which, of course, Mrs. Fiske will appear in the title-role.

The principal *dramatis personæ* are Mary Magdalene and Judas Iscariot, who is represented as a passionate Jewish patriot in love with Mary. Could anything more revolting to the taste of a Christian people be imagined? Church scenes, fervent mock invocations and passionate "make-believe" prayers to the Creator, poured forth by "play-actors" for the entertainment of a theatreful of people, has always been rather offensive to those who *feel* their faith, and it is difficult to understand how any one actually convinced of the existence of an omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent *personal* God, can without hesitation lightly make a pretence of doing Him homage or pour forth a passionate appeal to His power and love for the mere purpose of making a "strong scene" and adding to the fame and fortune of the actor.

In such plays as *Quo Vadis*, *The Christian*, or *The Sign of the Cross*—which latter, one must confess, is more uplifting and impressive than many a sermon—dramatist and actor come as near to sacred and Biblical subjects as either should venture to approach.

Following the announcement of Mrs. Fiske's *Mary of Magdala* comes the information that that prolific young poet, Stephen Phillips, is at present at work upon a play for Mr. E. S. Willard, built around the story of King David's love for and marriage to Bath-

sheba, the beautiful wife of the unfortunate Hittite Uriah.

While David was, of course, but a mere man, and there is no special reason why the dramatist should be debarred from using personages of Jewish any more than those of Grecian, Roman or English history, still this particular incident in the life of David is not a very pleasant or desirable subject for theatrical representation, and one cannot help regretting that Mr. Willard, who is one of the princes of the modern stage, is not content to keep to such plays as those with which he has so long delighted his audiences everywhere—the charming *Tom Pinch*, *Professor's Love-Story*, *The Rogue's Comedy*, and similar delightful plays which compose his present repertoire.

But to return for a moment to Mrs. Fiske and *Mary of Magdala*. Feeling very strongly on the subject of this contemplated production, it was my intention to devote some space to an appeal to the women of Canada to show, as far as lay in their power, their sincere disapproval of such a drama, and to dwell upon some of the reasons for objecting to it. Having, however, just come across a little paragraph on this subject by the clever and discriminating dramatic writer of the *New York Times*, I find that he has expressed my sentiments so admirably that I cannot do better than quote him here:

"Such an exhibition," he says, "would be the latest manifestation of the tendency towards realistic sensationalism of all kinds which has been responsible of late for so much theatrical abomination. In a matter of this kind there can be no question of theatrical art, for the poignant simplicity and pathos of the Scripture narrative are hopelessly obscured and vulgarized by the modern dramatist. According to published report, Judas Iscariot is represented as Mary's lover, and his betrayal of his Master is ascribed to frustrated passion. The Saviour Himself does not appear, but His presence in the immediate background is perpetually suggested, and His actual

words, by a manifest and contemptible subterfuge, are put into the mouth of another. It is difficult to imagine any other motive than that of mere sensationalism which could actuate an actress to impersonate a character of this sort, which, when bereft of its higher associations, is singularly devoid of fascination. One thing is certain, and that is that the ultimate result of such Biblical adaptations will be to bring the wretched theatre into still deeper discredit with that part of the community whose support is most vital to it as a reputable institution."

Since the old "Woman's Hotel" failed, through mismanagement, of the object which its promoters had hoped to achieve, and was converted into the ill-fated Park Avenue Hotel, the Bachelor Girls of New York have had no clearly defined local habitation exclusively their own, but have been compelled to live "around promiscuous," forced to carry their camp-bed and chafing-dish from one apartment-house to another in a weary and vain search for some satisfactory spot in which to set up these humble but indispensable Lares and Penates.

Now, however, a glad day has dawned for the unattached female of the metropolis, and she will soon be able to take up her abode in comfort and security in the new hotel, which has been planned for her alone, the Martha Washington. Here she may bring not only her household gods, but her household pets as well, for dogs, cats and canaries will have the freedom of the establishment, and the Bachelor Maid may enjoy the solace of her piano, her sewing machine, and the visits of her Prince Charming undisturbed—comforts denied her in the old "Home," which for its rules and restrictions was more like an institution or boarding-school than an hotel. In the new Martha Washington there will be accommodation to suit all pocket-books, from luxurious suites to modest little "singles."

Women everywhere should be inter-

ested in the success of this enterprise, for only the girls themselves and a few of their intimate friends know what many of the courageous young women obliged to "fend for themselves" in the exhausting atmosphere of New York have had to suffer through the difficulty, almost impossibility, of being able to find any suitable, convenient and comfortable place of moderate price in which to lay their independent heads.

In Chicago, which, long ago, some discerning individual termed "the proud home of the Bachelor Girl in her glory," there is an organization known as The Chicago Business Woman's Club, composed of some three hundred bright and progressive young women of widely varying types, ages and professions, and having for President Miss Mary M. Bartelme, Public Guardian of Cook County.

This club has long maintained handsome and commodious clubrooms, with restaurant, rest rooms and library, and now, finding itself forced by growth and popularity to larger quarters, the club contemplates either erecting or buying a large club building with hotel and other facilities, and containing in all probability a well-equipped gymnasium and swimming-pool.

All this is very delightful for the Chicago women, but the news of such achievements brings home to us with fresh force our own lamentable lack in this regard. When, oh when, are the women of Canada to have their clubhouses, their own exclusively and always, not theirs on sufferance once a week or once a month—which some men seem to think is as much club life as a woman should be permitted to enjoy!

It is deeply to be regretted that the project of erecting a general clubhouse for the use of all the women's associations in the city, which was brought forward last winter by some of Toronto's most representative clubwomen and was alluded to in these pages at the time, should through lack of substantial encouragement have

had to be abandoned, at least for the present.

The idea, however, has been by no means relinquished, and some day, perhaps, the dream will come true, just as the long-hoped-for, almost despaired of, satisfactory Woman's Hotel in New York has at last, after many years, become an actual, established fact.

Apropos the sudden and wide-spread rage for dabbling in stocks, a temptation to which the most conservative and cautious individuals have been yielding during the past few months, a young broker was recently holding forth on the subject of women speculators.

"Some brokers refuse to do business with them at all," he said, "but although we certainly do not crave for their patronage, gallantry forbids us to ostracise them so summarily, and oh," he added, with a sudden reminiscent twinkle of the eye, "don't we have some funny scenes in the office, though! You see, you can never convince a woman, if her pet stock happens to go down, that someone is not robbing her—her own private opinion being that the broker himself is at the bottom of the business, and is shamefully availing himself of her ignorance to line his pockets with her shekels. When she at last realizes that the little pile she had expected to clear has developed into a case of 'found wanting,' she then hotly demands the return at least of her original investment, insisting upon her claims and accusations until the wretched man who is wriggling in her grasp is almost out of his mind. Oh, no, they're not *all* like that, of course," he hastened to acknowledge under a storm of protest from his outraged listeners, "but—well, I'm really not exaggerating when I say that ninety-nine out of every hundred women know no more of the workings of stocks than they do of the working of an electric dynamo or wireless telegraphy. 'I think it's so funny,' you'll invariably hear them say whenever

they happen to converse upon the subject, 'all the buying and selling and fuss about something that doesn't exist at all.' You know they all say that. That's woman's universal and fixed idea of stocks—that, and that they afford a lovely and easy way of getting something for nothing."

The first annual report of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire has been received, and I have great pleasure in drawing the attention of Canadian women everywhere to this interesting little pamphlet. British women throughout the Empire have long felt the need of just such an association as this, a bond of union which will keep them in touch with their fellow-countrywomen wherever they may wander; and so they have welcomed with enthusiasm this Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, to which every loyal British woman is eligible for membership.

At the first annual meeting of the Order the President, Mrs. Nordheimer, very clearly outlined the objects of the association in the following words: "The aim and object of the Order is to promote in the Motherland and Colonies the study of the history of the Empire and of current Imperial questions; to celebrate patriotic anniversaries; to cherish the memory of brave and patriotic deeds, and to care for the last resting places of our heroes and heroines, especially such as are in distant and solitary places; to erect memorial stones on spots that have become sacred to the nation; to care for the widows and dependents of British soldiers or sailors and heroes during war and in time of peace, under accident, sickness, or reverses of fortune, as far as in our power lies, and any other patriotic work that the Executive may approve of." The Order is affiliated with the Victoria League, a similar association in Great Britain, and is also in touch with the South African Guild of Loyal Women.

From the report of the Secretary we find that the work during the past

year has been of the most varied and comprehensive nature, from the supplying of helmets and literature to the South African contingents, to the building of the beautiful Alexandra Gateway in Toronto in honour of the visit of Their Royal Highnesses the present Prince and Princess of Wales, the latter being one of the very few permanent memorials which remain in Canada to remind future generations of that pleasant event.

Particularly important was the stand taken by the Order against the outrage proposed by an American society in the contemplated erection in Quebec of a monument to General Montgomery, who, it will be remembered, met his death while leading an attack against that city in 1779. Owing to the pressure brought to bear by the patriotic societies of Canada this amazing project was, after much controversy, reluctantly abandoned by its promoters. Chapters of the Order are being formed everywhere, not only in Canada, but in His Majesty's Dominions beyond the seas, five chapters being already in existence in the Bahamas.

The officers directly concerned with the Junior Branch of the Order, known as the Children of the Empire, also report most encouragingly with regard to this important work. The growth and success of the children's chapters is a matter which the officers of the Order have greatly at heart, knowing that as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, and that it is the earnest little patriot of to-day who will be the country's tower of strength to-morrow.

The Junior Branch of the Order is in affiliation with the Children of the Empire in England, and a plan drawn up by the latter society by which the children of England, Canada, South Africa and Australia are put into correspondence with each other has been heartily entered into with the most satisfactory results.

The Order publishes a little quarterly called *Echoes*, the second number of which has just been issued.

M. MacL. H.

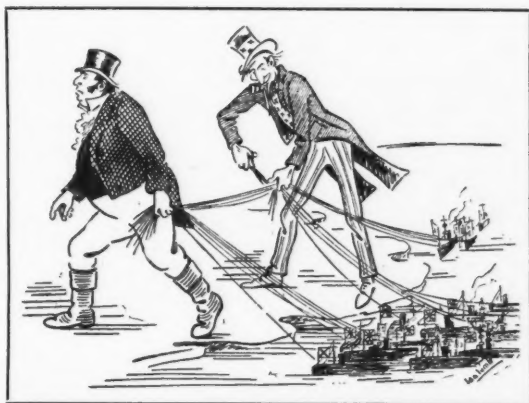
CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

ON May 17th the young King of Spain reached his sixteenth birthday and, in accordance with Spanish precedent, attained his majority. On April 24, before the actual maturity of his right to be present, he attended a Cabinet Council and Senor Sagasta, the Prime Minister, took advantage of the occasion briefly to address the King. It is probably the general opinion of the world that Spain was never in lower estate than now, but Senor Sagasta was decidedly of opinion that the Spain of to-day was in a vastly better position than a Spain that he remembered. The Spain of his youth, he said, was isolated from the rest of the world, torn by internal dissensions, and a laggard in the march of civilization. What the outlook is for Spain and its monarch forms one of the most interesting of speculations. Here is one of the fairest countries of Europe, by no means densely populated, indeed with the exception of Russia and Norway and Sweden the least densely populated of the countries of the continent, which is yet, nevertheless, plunged in financial difficulties, its people backward and ill-educated and, it must be feared, cursed with unrelieved and unrelievable governmental corruption. Even changes of administration are said to be brought about by arrangement between the rival factions. When one set is considered to have been long enough at the flesh-pots they, by virtue of the rules of the game, give way for the other set who are naturally hungry

and sorely desirous of addicting themselves to the good things of office. In an arrangement of this kind there is, of course, no hope for better things.

What likelihood is there that the young monarch will be able to effect any improvements? That there is a fair field for bold reforms will scarcely be denied. For many years before the outbreak of the Spanish-American war an average of \$25,000,000 was annually expended on the army and navy. Events showed that this sum might about as well have been thrown in the fire, or, better still, left in the pockets of the people. The Spaniard is neither a bad worker, nor a bad soldier. He has shown on more than one occasion that he possesses great powers of resistance and patience to endure suffering. Even in the struggle with the United States one incident of devoted courage relieves the otherwise dead level of pusillanimity and incapacity.



"THE SHIPPING GRAB"

—Winnipeg Telegram



THE STRONG MAN

PROFESSOR H-CK-S-B-CH to the audience—"Mr. Bull will now lift the enormous weight of nearly two hundred million pounds."
—Punch.

city. At the village of El Caney a body of 600 men, under the leadership of a De la Rey, by the way, held back from 5,000 to 6,000 Americans from six in the morning until nearly five in the afternoon. The little band was almost annihilated and its leader was killed at the post of duty. The incident would indicate that the offspring of the defenders of Saragossa are still worthy of their sires when properly officered.

But Spain is more likely to flourish by hands than by arms. Eighty per cent. of her soil is said to be productive, and from her tangle of hills minerals to the value of \$50,000,000 a

year are extracted. The excellence of British iron and steel has been maintained time out of mind by a liberal infusion of the rich ores of Spain. If the young King had it in him to see the folly of a country like Spain keeping itself poor in order to support the empty pomp of an army and navy, he would make himself one of the most memorable men in her history. If \$15,000,000 or more of the \$25,000,000 that is wasted on armaments were devoted to improving the public finance, lightening the taxes, helping education, or promoting railways, there would soon be a rejuvenated Spain. The large armies are not required, or at least are worse than useless if required. Unless to maintain internal peace what need is there for a large army in Spain? The jealousies of other Powers make her quite secure from foreign aggression; and a generation devoted to development and industry would make her a more formidable foe and a more valuable ally without an army than she is now with an army.

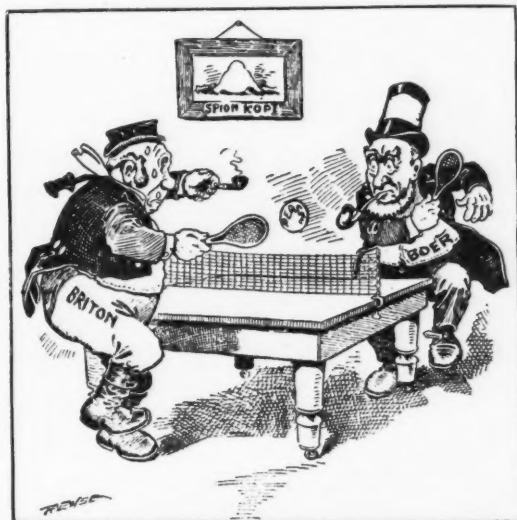
It is altogether unlikely, however, that we will have any such enlightened ruler in Alphonso XIII. It is recorded of him that he is ambitious to restore the naval prowess of his country. If this be true we can see where both will wind up. Physically he is not strong, but so much of the work of the world has been done by invalids, that this might prove no bar to his usefulness. William III suffered from inter-

mittent ill-health during the whole time that he was directing the anti-Gallican forces of Europe against the ambitions of the French kings. If Alphonso proves to have a sound mind and a noble moral equipment, he may be able to accomplish a good deal, despite the limitations of an unsound body.

Another young ruler has been attracting the world's attention during the past month. Queen Wilhelmina's health through the earlier days of May gave occasion for much anxiety. The handsome young Queen at the time of her accession was commonly compared to Queen Victoria, ascending, as she did, a throne in the soft glory of girlhood. The parallel is not being carried out. The great Queen was nowhere more fortunate than in her choice of a mate to share her responsibilities. One only needs to think of the grave, humane, serious, dutiful prince whom Victoria set by her side and then of the Dutch Queen's consort whose chief regret appears to be that his wife's illness occasionally prevents him from going a-hunting. We may well wish for the Queen's speedy restoration to health, not only for her own sake, but perhaps for the peace of Europe. One can fancy how frequently Emperor William looks at the map of Europe and reflects what a handsome addition Holland with its numerous havens would make to the German Empire. All his plans of maritime aggrandizement would be victoriously forwarded by swallowing the Low Countries and its possessions whole. The Dutch colonies are by no means inconsiderable, and the addition of so fine a sea-coast to the little strip that at present serves as the ocean outlet for the ex-

panding energies and ambitions of the German people would be an event to make the reign of the third Kaiser a noted one forever in the history of the recreated empire. While the succession to the Dutch throne remains clear and undisputed there is not much fear of an attempt to realize such dreams. The death of the Queen without issue would, however, precipitate in all probability a dynastic dispute the end of which no man could foresee.

The result of the French elections is to seat M. Waldeck-Rousseau in power more firmly than before. It can be said that the Republic has triumphed over all its foes, and that Paris is no longer France. The voice of the whole country is now heard in the Legislature, and the day has passed when the whims of the frequenters of the cafés of the boulevards can embarrass a government. The election shows us the France of the peasant-proprietors—safe, conservative, practical—not the hysterical France thirsting for *la gloire* with which history has made us fa-



PING-PONG

—The St. Paul Pioneer Press



M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU—RECENTLY RE-ELECTED PREMIER OF FRANCE

miliar. We may be sure that the triumph of M. Waldeck-Rousseau is hailed with satisfaction in every foreign office in Europe. The foreign policy of M. Delcassé, while not lacking in spirit and in results, has nevertheless been temperate and rational. The Republic has at last reached a position where the prophecies so frequently made, foretelling its downfall, seem utterly discredited and falsified. Royalism and Bonapartism may as well be decently buried out of sight.

It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when it will not be possible to deal with Newfoundland concerns under the heading of Events Abroad, if it be even appropriate now. The latest news from that island was that Mr. Justice Morrison had resigned his position on the bench for the purpose of devoting himself to bringing about the union of Canada and Newfoundland. Since that time Mr. Morrison has paid visits to Montreal, Ottawa

and other cities. The newspaper paragraphs were probably somewhat exaggerated in representing that Mr. Morrison's visit here had for its purpose an agitation for a union. The centre of agitation must be Newfoundland. No agitation is needed here. Canada's position, I should say, is sympathetic towards the general idea of union, but our belief is that the movement would only be checked by too great eagerness on our part to promote it. The natural place for the birth of the sentiment is Newfoundland. Before we take any active steps the public men of Newfoundland should be authorized, at a general election, specially fought out on the question of union, to negotiate with the Dominion. Perhaps a better way would be for terms to be made and then submitted for the approval of the electors at a general election. Union has been so long deferred now that when it is accomplished we should not leave it possible for anyone to say that the people had been deceived in the bargain.



CECIL RHODES—THE EMPIRE-BUILDER WHO FORGOT TO MENTION CANADA IN HIS WILL

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

CANADA has lost a great man by the death of George Monro Grant, Principal of Queen's University. He

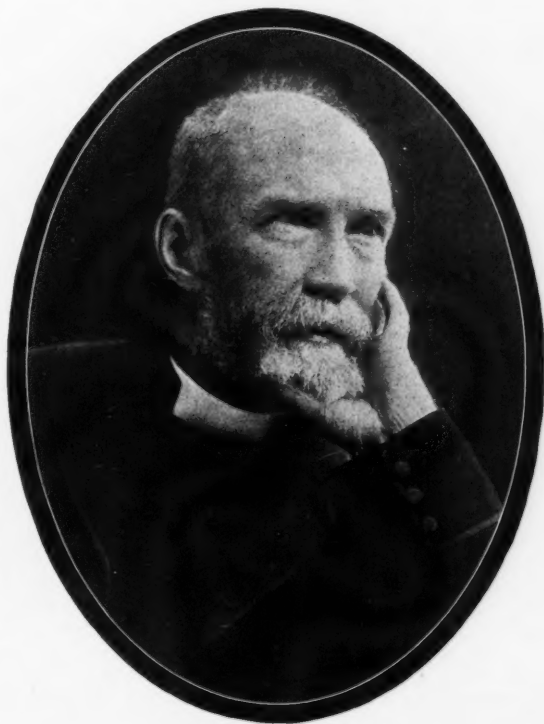
was a man of large heart
PRINCIPAL and huge sympathies,
GRANT. and because of these
qualities he endeared

himself to twenty-five generations of students. No man or woman ever passed through his university without coming in contact with him, and no man or woman who came before him ever forgot him. That was the quality which made him the creator of a university, the greatest university president Canada ever possessed. There have been men with mightier intellect, men with greater erudition, but there have been none with greater power over the human heart.

And while his students never forgot him, he never forgot his students. His influence followed them wherever they went and his advice and assistance was at their command. But though he gave much to them, he demanded much in return, not for himself but for his university. He kept them enthusiastic concerning the work of their Alma Mater and taught them that university life for each individual does not end with graduation. The "Queen's feeling," so often spoken about as a virtuous quality in Queen's graduates was

the result of the ideals and work of Principal Grant. He continually radiated enthusiasm. Had he been a soldier, his reputation might have equalled Napoleon's. Had he been a politician, it might have surpassed Sir John Macdonald's. His worshippers were to be found everywhere and in this lies the secret of the growth and the success of Queen's.

And he was more than a university principal. He was a theologian, a litterateur and a publicist. Church assemblies rested upon his judgment



THE LATE PRINCIPAL GRANT

and his knowledge. The literary world acknowledged the beauty of his style and the forcefulness of his argument. The leading publicists and several premiers went to him for advice. His many-sided nature was strong from whatever point it was viewed.

Above all, Principal Grant was an optimistic Canadian. His faith in his country never wavered, from the time he refused a position in Great Britain to return from Glasgow University to his native county as a missionary. As one of the leading pastors in Halifax, and a notable figure in the Presbyterian Church, he was an ardent supporter of Confederation, though nearly all Nova Scotians opposed that movement. He was one of the first to write of the possibilities of the great Northwest. He was always convinced that there were great days ahead and that too in years when pessimism smiled her sardonic smile in every part of the country.

Had he lived a few months longer he would have completed twenty-five years in the educational service of his church and country. His work was unfinished, though he accomplished more than most men with ability and opportunity. What he has done will live, and from the memory of him many will continue to draw inspiration, for his was a noble and unselfish life spent in the service of his Creator and his fellow-man.

It is fitting that William T. Stead's sermon on Canada should have appeared in *Collier's Weekly*, a journal

which is decidedly anti-British, though MR. STEAD ON CANADA. circulating considerably in Canada. Mr.

Stead is spectacular; so is the journal in which he wrote "The Annexation of Canada." Mr. Stead would rather do something bad than do nothing at all. He would rather be notorious than be unknown, since he lacks the true elements of greatness. Mr. Stead is unpatriotic and unreliable. Yet even *Collier's Weekly* has not all these vices.

Mr. Stead makes one or two ludicrous statements. Here is an example: "The industrial annexation of the Dominion is in full swing." By this he means that United States capitalists are coming in here and developing our resources in such a way and to such an extent that they will soon own the country. Perhaps it would surprise Mr. Stead to know that there is almost as much Canadian capital invested in the United States to-day, as there is United States capital invested in Canada. Besides, both classes of investments are temporary. When money is tight in New York and the rate of interest jumps up to 10 or 15 per cent., as it did a few weeks ago, the Canadian banks send their money to New York for the sake of a high profit. When an occasional United Stateser comes over here and finds a "good thing" requiring only capital and development, as Mr. Clergue did, he brings over the capital and proceeds to develop it. But he soon sells out and looks about for something else to boom. The average Yankee capitalist is a boomer, with a little of the grass-hopper in his methods of life.

In continuation of this line of argument, Mr. Stead says that the Vanderbilt railway combination is developing the coal and iron district of Nova Scotia. This is another silly remark. Some Americans did take a hand in that movement, but the whole business is now in the hands of Canadians where it is likely to remain. In fact, the influence of American capital in Canada is practically of little account. It does not control five per cent. of our undertakings, and is likely to control less and less, since Canadian capital and Canadian capitalists are increasing at a very rapid rate.

There is an American colonization which Mr. Stead knows nothing of, apparently, and that is the influx of United States farmers into the Canadian Northwest. They are coming in by the tens of thousands, and in a generation they will be good Canadians. The wheat and the cattle which they grow will be as Canadian as the

product of any other farmer and rancher. There is no danger from this kind of colonization.

Mr. Stead sees other difficulties in Canada's path, and other signs that "the inevitable union" will soon take place. He thinks the preferential tariff is a failure; he finds that Canadian purchases of American goods are increasing; he finds that in the last decade of the nineteenth century, a large number of Canadians went into the United States; he thinks the fishery question and the Alaskan boundary question can never be settled satisfactorily by international arrangement; and of the Americans he says, "one and all regard absorption as her inevitable destiny."

Apparently, Mr. Stead has read Professor Goldwin Smith's books, or the speeches made by Sir Richard Cartwright in the early nineties. He has also steeped himself in the vaporings of the sensational American press. From these he has drawn the conclusion that Canadians are not able to hold out against their "manifest destiny." In this view he has no doubt been abetted by those connected with him in the publication of the *American Review of Reviews*, and especially by Dr. Shaw, the editor of that anti-Canadian periodical. But if Mr. Stead would make one of his spectacular journeys through Canada, calling at all the leading cities, he would find abundant evidences of a new Canadianism, of immense industrial activity, of noteworthy agricultural and mining progress, and of increasing national prosperity. He would see neither need nor desire for annexation to the United States.

If Mr. Stead lives until 1903, he will see some happenings which will convince him that Canada has decided to have less commercial intercourse with the United States except on a reciprocal basis. He will witness as bold a stroke of commercial policy emanating from Ottawa as was ever conceived and enunciated at Washington. He will then, if he is frank, declare that he was wrong when he took commercial testimonies from which to make

political and economic deductions.

Canada is farther away from annexation to-day than she ever was. The corruptness of American politics, the gross materialism in American ideals,



LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAMS, COMMANDING FIRST
REGIMENT THIRD MOUNTED RIFLES,
WHICH SAILED LAST MONTH
FOR SOUTH AFRICA

the slavery problems of the South, the child-labour of South Carolina, the reckless disregard of law and authority in some of the Western States, the

grave problems introduced by the conquest of the Philippines—these and a dozen other things warn Canada to beware of United States connection. Commercial prosperity is not everything; in fact, it is only a small part of the national life. Canada sees that with patience and confidence she can hew out a destiny more profitable, more glorious than anything which annexation can offer.



There has been quite a fluttering in the dove-cotes of the progressive Imperialists, both here and in London,

owing to Sir Wilfrid Laurier's attitude. As CANADIAN IMPERIALISM was pointed out in this department in the

April issue, Sir Wilfrid thinks the time inopportune for a discussion of anything except commercial relations. In this attitude Sir Wilfrid has the approbation of both the anti-Imperialists and the moderate Imperialists. Professor Goldwin Smith, the most active of the former class, has no criticism to make and says that Sir Wilfrid "has studied Canadian sentiment." The moderate Imperialists, those who are in favour of maintaining the connection with the Empire and at the same time preserving colonial autonomy, also approve of Sir Wilfrid's attitude, and this class includes the great bulk of the Canadian people. Even Principal Grant, who during the months preceding his death, seemed to have considerably modified his Imperial views, felt that Sir Wilfrid's attitude was advisable. He was certainly an ardent Imperialist, but he had no desire to see the direction of our commerce, our military and naval defences, handed over to the control of Downing Street. He was too sturdy an independant for that. The only persons who disapprove of Sir Wilfrid's position are Colonel Denison and Prin-

cipal Parkin, neither of whom can claim any considerable following. These gentlemen have done splendid work in their continuous exhortations concerning our duties to the Empire, but they must not expect that Canada will prefer their leadership to that of Sir Wilfrid and his colleagues. The latter represent Canada in a broader and more significant sense than do Colonel Denison and Principal Parkin. These two gentlemen have done their work and should gracefully retire on their laurels, leaving the remainder of the task to practical statesmen.

The editor of the *British Empire Review*, who has considered that these two Imperial Federationists represented Canada and Canadian sentiment, is apparently taken aback by the discovering that his assumption was untrue. Apparently he thought Canada was governed from Toronto instead of from Ottawa, although he should not have made such a simple blunder. His leading editorial in May is entitled "Stands Canada where She Did?" and it indicates the disturbed feelings which he has experienced ever since he read Professor Shortt's note of warning in the February CANADIAN MAGAZINE. No doubt, this perturbation is shared by Mr. Chamberlain and the leaders of the British Empire League. These honourable gentlemen need not worry. Canada is loyal to the core, and when her services are required she will be found ready, as she was during the war, to do her fair share in bearing the Empire's burden.

What makes it harder for the Imperialists of Great Britain to understand their discovery, is the fact that Australia takes practically the same position as Canada, and Mr. Barton's utterances show him to be in practical unanimity with Sir Wilfrid Laurier. No doubt, the forthcoming conference will help clear the air and show us all more exactly where we stand.

John A. Cooper



BOOK REVIEWS

HERALDS OF EMPIRE

AN authority on the public taste in books asserts that the historical novel is not dead yet, but is good for a continued season of popularity. The new effort from the pen of Miss Laut, therefore, apart from its own merits as a lively tale,* ought to meet with the same success that attended her previous book, "Lords of the North." Miss Laut has qualities as a writer of narrative which are distinctly attractive. There is a certain dramatic force about her style. In scenes which call for rapid and strong descriptive power she is thoroughly at home, and "Heralds of Empire" calls for a talent of this kind. The hero is an English lad, brought up in uncongenial surroundings in Puritan New England. Radisson, the noted pioneer of Hudson's Bay trading and voyaging, takes the hero with a party of Quebec seekers after fortune on a voyage into Hudson's Bay. They encounter all sorts of adventures, go through the various vicissitudes which beset traders in the north at the close of the seventeenth century; and there is a final "assembling" of the chief characters of the tale at the court of the "Merry Monarch," where all outstanding difficulties are adjusted, and the curtain rings down upon a happy pair. The ending, like the beginning, is rather conventional, and it must be confessed that Miss Laut is at her best in the historic battle-ground of rival traders and adventurers, where hair-breadth escapes

and thrilling feats of strength are freely scattered throughout each chapter. The author's workmanship shows decided improvement, although the book is perhaps a shade less ambitious in treatment than its predecessor.

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SIR WALTER BESANT

In recording his experiences of life† Besant betrays himself as the genial, kindly, well-satisfied Englishman of cultivated tastes and active brain. After knocking about the world a bit, as many of his countrymen have a fondness for doing, he settled down at 30



MISS AGNES C. LAUT

* Heralds of Empire. By Agnes C. Laut. Toronto: William Briggs.

† Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant. Edited by S. Squire Sprigge. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

years of age to the literary life in London. His experiences are instructive and amusing. Now and again he interlards his narrative with a simple and sound philosophy. "The great thing in literary work is always the same—to be independent: not to worry about money and not to be compelled to go pot-boiling." A very fine policy if you can only carry it out. Besant had a regular occupation which gave him a yearly salary, so he was able for years to practise what he preached, and when he, at 50 years of age, adopted literature as a profession, a steady income was already coming in from that source. The whole story of the collaboration with James Rice is told and evidently in frank terms. In fact, Sir Walter's autobiography is a mine of wealth to the literary aspirant and also to the curious who want to know how it is done by peeping behind the scenes. Those who are interested in the self-portrayal of a man of ideas, of sturdy principles, of philanthropic sympathies, of decided ability, and yet removed a considerable distance of being either great or distinguished, will read the Besant reminiscences.



UNIVERSITY PERIODICALS

The absence in Canada of monthly reviews similar to the *Contemporary* and the *Nineteenth Century* has led to the issue from our chief universities of publications which, in a measure, supply the place of those referred to, and which are creditable expressions of the intellectual life of our higher institutions of learning. From Toronto, from Queen's and from Victoria, have come, during recent years, quarterlies or monthlies with well-written articles on the current issues of the day, indicating serious and original work. McGill has now followed the example of her sister institutions, and the new periodical,* two numbers of which have appeared, may be compared without hesitation to the best periodicals of

the day. The table of contents in the May number contains a number of timely articles in which scholarship, insight and breadth of view are conspicuous. There is variety, too, in the selection, showing that the editor, Prof. Moyses, thoroughly understands his duties, and has been fortunate in having an adequate supply of literary material to select from. For example, Dr. Parkin writes upon Imperial Federation; Prof. Flux discusses the need and the nature of Commercial Education; Prof. MacBride contributes an exceedingly frank paper on Evolution; Prof. Cox writes wittily upon the Humour of Examinations; Miss Cameron deals with the latest drama by Stephen Phillips, and Prof. Moyses's paper on a Cicero manuscript is interesting and informing. There are also contributions on travel, on the work of the various undergraduate bodies and some excellent original poetry. There is promise in a review of this class, which appeals to a wider constituency than the alumni and students of a single university. A word of praise is due for its typographical appearance, which is really noble.



MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS

Municipal Affairs in its current issue (Vol. v., No. 4), preserves its reputation as a most serviceable magazine for those interested in local affairs. Canadian readers will peruse with profit, particularly at the present time, the symposium on "Sunday Opening of Saloons in New York City," by Lyman Abbott and five other able writers. Professor Plehn of the Philippine Commission, contributes an article on "Municipal Government in the Philippines." The city of Manila is to be given a charter and to be administered by an officially appointed board. For the country parts a system of local government has been prepared to be fitted on in due time. Professor Plehn reminds us that it is not safe to assume that office-seekers are numerous among a people who are not of Teutonic stock, that the office must

* McGill University Magazine. Edited by Prof. Charles E. Moyses. Montreal: A. T. Chapman.

often seek long for its Aguinaldo and when it has found him threaten him with imprisonment if it is not accepted. The efforts of the United States to train semi-barbarians to western methods of government will be followed with interest at home and elsewhere. In this connection it may be well to bear in mind the warning thrown out by Professor Bücher in his recent "Industrial Evolution" that European nations have so often failed in their colonizing policy where they have not heeded the traditional ways of thinking and customs of the natives, and have tried to break the people too swiftly to the cumbersome yoke of civilized institutions. (New York).

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NOTES

In the April *Queen's Quarterly*, E. R. Peacock writes of Rudyard Kipling and his interpretation of life. "Chinese Education" is the subject of an article by Cephias Guillet, who seems to think the Canadian Public Schools as unsuited to modern conditions as are the Chinese schools. Prof. John Watson writes of Thomas Aquinas, and James H. Turnbull of Jewish Literature. W. L. Goodwin gives some history of the art of dyeing, and A. T. Drummond explains the need in Canada of forest engineers.

Acadiensis for April reflects great credit on the industry of its editor. H. R. Bailey writes of the Relations of Acadia and New England, one hundred and fifty years ago. Montagu Chamberlain describes the Primitive Life of the Wapanaki Women. The number is profusely and artistically illustrated. (Quarterly. St. John, N.B.)

H. M. Ami, of the Geological Survey, issued some time ago a biographical sketch of the late George Mercer Dawson, C.M.G. This is a handsome and valuable monograph which every Canadian bibliographer should possess. (Ottawa Printing Co., Ottawa.)

The Droit de Banalité, or the privileges enjoyed by the Seigniors under

the old regime in Canada, and, in fact, up to 1854, are well treated by W. Bennett Munro in a paper in the Annual Report of the American Historical Association. Mr. Munro is a Queen's graduate.

In "The University of Toronto Studies" there has been issued a work on City Government containing: City Government in Canada, by S. Morley Wickett, an article which has already appeared in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE; Westmount: a Municipal Illustration, by W. D. Lighthall; and Municipal Government in Toronto, by S. Morley Wickett. Every person interested in this subject will find this invaluable work, the first of its kind in this country.

In the same series is issued "Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada for the year 1901," edited by Prof. Wrong and H. H. Langton. As usual, this volume is comprehensive and critical. The reviews by Mr. Carstairs and Captain Cruikshank are equal to anything which has yet been done in this country in the way of historical criticism. In its 225 pages are much food for thought and valuable information not elsewhere obtainable. The editors are to be congratulated upon the result of their year's work and the judicial standard maintained throughout. The criticisms of Mr. Hopkins and Dr. Hannay are severe, but no one may say that they are unfounded or unjust.

Mr. Morang is issuing a "Canadian Annual Register," which is a work of great use, and the want of which has been felt since Morgan's "Dominion Annual Register" ceased publication in 1886. The book contains about 500 pages, and deals with all the current events of the past year in which Canada is concerned. It is edited by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins.

The Historiographer of the Education Department of Ontario, Mr. J. George Hodgins, M.A., LL.D., has been at work for years on a Documentary History of Education in Upper Canada from 1791 to 1876. This

has now reached its eighth volume. When the History of Ontario is written the historian will bless Mr. Hodgins for his admirable collection, through which may be traced the educational progress and development of the Province. The Education Departments of the other Provinces might learn the lesson and make arrangement for similar undertakings.

A new book in the French language which possesses considerable interest just now, is "Les Milices Francaises et Anglaises au Canada" (The French and English Militia in Canada, 1627-1900), by George Tricoche, with 13 plans, maps or illustrations. The book deals with the history of early French-Canadian military organization, and secondly with the military strength of the Dominion since 1867. The author has really produced an elaborate and useful work of over 300 pages. He has consulted all the Canadian authorities, especially those in the English language. The publisher is Henri Charles Lavauzelle, Boulevard Saint Germain, Paris.

Mr. R. L. Richardson, ex-M.P. for Lisgar, is bringing out a novel, which is understood to be now in the hands of Morang for publication. The title and drift of the book are not known. Mr. Richardson has for many years been editor-in-chief of the *Winnipeg Tribune*.

William Briggs has issued in Canada a new edition of Lord Durham's famous Report. This report on affairs in British North America was made to the Home Government in 1838, after Lord Durham's brief term of six months as Governor-General. It showed a breadth of view, sagacity and insight such as no British statesman before him had brought to bear on colonial questions, and it formed the basis of the Act of Union between Upper and Lower Canada in 1841, and aided the establishment of responsible government.

The noted Canadian writer, Charles G. D. Roberts, has written a new

book. It is entitled "The Kindred of the Wild," and will be illustrated with 51 full-page drawings of animal life by Charles Livingstone Bull. This makes a most interesting addition to the slender stock of nature classics. Mr. Roberts has studied with close and unwearied attention the lives of the great Eagle, lord of the air; Hushwing, the owl; Kehonka, the wild goose, and all the furred and feathered creatures of the wilderness and the hunted trails. In view of the great and growing interest in the study of nature through the eyes of close observers and trained recorders like Mr. Roberts, this will be a book of great popular interest.

Robert Barr's newest book is called "A Prince of Good Fellows," and relates sundry adventures of King James V. of Scotland, who was fond of prowling about incognito as Scott pictured him in "The Lady of the Lake." The stories, which have been appearing serially, are in Barr's gayest vein and very entertaining.

"In Search of Mademoiselle," just published by the Copp, Clark Co., is an American romance of the old British colonial days and is a good story. It deals with the romantic and highly picturesque episode in American history of the struggle between the French and Spanish for the possession of Florida. This furnishes the background for a charming story of the love of an Englishman for Diane de la Notte, a French Huguenot of noble family, who has been exiled from her native land.

Tibet is almost the only "forbidden" land and as such is interesting. A well illustrated description by two missionaries is just issued under the title, "Adventures in Tibet," by William Carey. (Toronto: Briggs.)

The Hon. James Young, of Galt, is preparing a work to be called "Public Men and Public Life in Canada." As journalist and publicist, Mr. Young's experience should bear fruit in a valuable work. The book will be illustrated.



IDLE MOMENTS



A COMPLEX QUESTION OF LAW AND A DOG

A MAN called on a lawyer the other day and said:

"My name is Tomkins. I called to see you about a dog difficulty that bewilders me, and I thought maybe you might throw some light on it. Might give me law points, so's I'd know whether it was worth while suing or not.

"Well, you see, me and Potts went into partnership on a dog; we bought him. He was a setter, and Potts and I went shares in him, so's to take him out shooting. It was never exactly settled which half of him I owned, or which half belonged to Potts, but I formed an idea in my own mind that the hind end was mine and the front end Potts'. Consequence was, that when the dog barked I always said:

"There goes Potts' half exercising himself."

"When the dog's tail wagged I always considered that my end was being agitated and, of course, when one of my hind legs scratched one of Potts' ears or one of his shoulders, I was perfectly satisfied; first, because that sort of thing was good for the whole dog, and, second, because the thing would get about even when Potts' head would reach round and snap at a fly on my hind legs.

"Well, things went along smoothly enough for a while, until one day that dog began to get into the habit of running round after his tail. He was the most foolish dog I ever saw. Used to chase his tail round and round until he'd get so giddy he couldn't bark, and you know I was frightened lest it might hurt the dog's health, and as Potts hadn't seem to be willing to keep his end from circulating in pursuit of my end, I made up my mind to chop the dog's tail off, so's to make him reform and behave.

"So last Saturday I caused the dog to back up against a log, and then I suddenly dropped the axe on his tail pretty close up, and the next minute he was running round the yard howling like a boatload of wild cats. Just then Potts came up, and he made remarks because I'd cut off that tail.

"One word brought another, and pretty soon Potts set the dog on me—half mine, too, mind you—and the dog bit me in the leg. See that. Look at that leg. About half a pound gone—eaten up by that dog.

"Now, what I want to see you about is this—can't I recover damages for assault and battery from Potts? What I chopped off belonged to me, recollect. I owned an individual half of that setter pup, from the tip of his tail right up to the third rib, and I had a right to cut away as much of it as I had a mind to; while Potts, being sole owner of the dog's head, is responsible when he bites any one or when he barks at night."

"I don't know," replied the lawyer, musingly, "there haven't been any decisions on cases exactly like this, but what does Mr. Potts say on the subject?"

"Why, Potts' view is that I divided the dog the wrong way. When he wants to map out his half he draws a line from the head to the tail. That gives me one hind leg and one foreleg, and makes him joint proprietor in the tail. And he says that if I wanted to cut off my half of the tail I might have done it, and he wouldn't have cared; but what made him angry was that I wasted his property without consulting him.

"But that theory seems to me a little strained, and if it's legal, why, I'm going to sell my half of the dog at a sacrifice sooner than hold any interest in him on those principles. Now, what do you think about it? Don't sue Potts, you say?"

"I think not."

"Can't get damages for the piece that's been bitten out of me?"

"I hardly think you can."

"Well, well! And yet you talk about civilization, and temples of justice, and such things. All right. Let it go. I can stand it; and don't ever anybody undertake to tell me that the law protects human beings in their rights. Good-morning."

"Wait a moment, Mr. Tomkins, you've forgotten my fee."

"F-f-fee! Why, you don't charge anything when I don't sue, do you?"

"Certainly, for my advice. My fee is five dollars."

"Five dollars! Why, that's just what I paid for my half of that dog. I haven't got a dollar to my name. But I'll tell you what'll I'll do. I'll make over all my rights in that setter pup to you and you can go round and fight it out with Potts. If that dog bites me again I'll sue you and Potts as sure as my name's Tomkins."

DESPERATE RESOLUTION

Rivers (exhibiting it): "This is a necktie my wife gave me."

Brooks: "What are you going to do with it?"

Rivers (heroically putting it on): "I am going to try to live it down."

WIRELESS TELEPHONES

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Is that Dr. Rybold?"

"No. Do you want Dr. Rybold?"

"Yes."

"All right. Hold the—hold the air a minute. I'll call him."

ANECDOTES OF GREAT MEN

The late historian, Samuel Rawson Gardiner, used to say of Froude: "Whenever I find myself particularly perplexed on any point, I look to see what Froude has to say about it. I always find his help invaluable, for I can trust implicitly in his unfailing

instinct for arriving at false conclusions; and the more positive he becomes, the safer I feel in adopting a diametrically opposite view."

Gladstone told Lord Ronald Gower, that once when he visited Rome he accidentally met Macaulay, who introduced himself to the statesman. On Macaulay's telling him that he took a daily walk in St. Peter's, Gladstone asked him what most attracted him in that place. "The temperature," was the answer.

THE ANTIDOTE

In one of the Philadelphia colleges, a professor of chemistry asked a student the other day:

"Now, suppose you were called to a patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid, what would you administer?"

"I would administer the sacrament," replied the student, who, by the way, is said to be studying for the ministry, and takes chemistry because it is obligatory.

SO SUDDEN

He was talking through the telephone.

"Is that Mrs. Smith?" he asked.

"No; it's her sister," was the answer.

"Well, it's the sister I want."

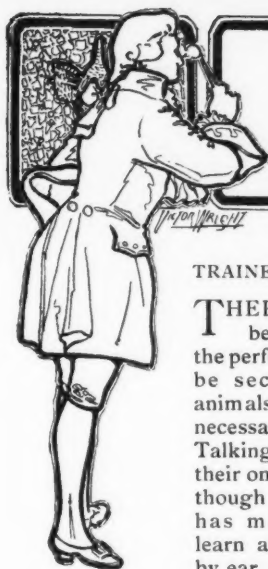
"Oh! this is so sudden," he heard her say.

And then he rang off.

NOT MISSED

He (returning from a long journey): "And, pray, how did you feel during my absence? You will have missed me very much."

She: "Oh, no! Every night I took some of your old clothes, and scattered them about the floor, then I burnt a few cheap cigars in your study, trampled the mud out of the street all over the stairs, then it felt just as if my sweet, darling husband were at home."



ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



TRAINED ANIMALS

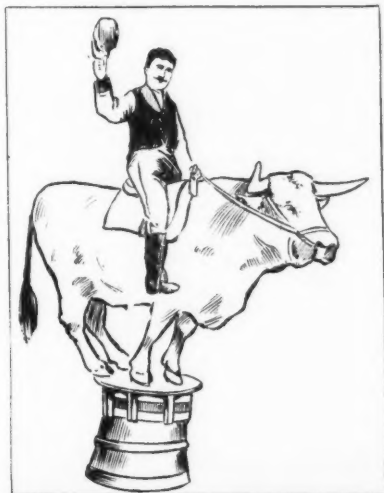
THERE seems to be no limit to the performances to be secured from animals, given the necessary training. Talking seems to be their one failure, although the parrot has managed to learn a few words by ear. Dogs and horses are most easily trained, and they furnish the chief features for the travelling animal show. Seals, bears, cats, monkeys and other animals have been taught clever tricks and are occasionally met with in the shows. Some

particular instances of unusual animal intelligence are recorded here.

The most intelligent bull on record is one owned by Senor Fesi, a Spaniard. When he informed his friends a few years ago that he had just bought a young bull, with the intention of training him to dance and to perform various military evolutions in



A TRAINED OSTRICH



A TRAINED BULL

the same manner as a war-horse, they laughed and assured him that he would never be able to accomplish such a task. Senor Fesi, however, persevered, and the result is that he is now exhibiting his bull, and is proving to the satisfaction of everyone that the great, clumsy-looking animal is able to dance with much agility, and that he can go through all the military evolutions quite as well as any horse.

This intelligent animal was born in Andalusia, and is of the finest Spanish breed. A beautiful creature he is in appearance, and his trappings are elegant and costly.



A TRAINED FOX TERRIER

An ostrich on a farm in Florida has been trained to carry a man. Once mounted, the man has to grasp the wings as shown in the accompanying drawing. This ostrich stands eight feet high and weighs 220 pounds. Ostriches are not usually very tractable, as they do not seem to have as acute reasoning powers as some of the other animals.

Dog acrobats are being trained to do wonderful feats of balancing and muscular sleight. One of the most interesting of these dog acrobats is Folette, owned by Mr. Reichen, a well-known London, Eng., entertainer. Folette is a cross between a fox terrier and a greyhound, and has a marvelous capacity for balancing herself on her forepaws. The illustration shows one of her feats, which recently was nightly delighting the theater-going Londoners. Folette has been in training since

she was a puppy, six months of age. She is now 3 years old, and her owner says her education is not yet complete.

A little girl in New York State had trained a young rooster to do some tricks. A young lad visited the town and persuaded his father to buy it. This boy, Fred by name, had a little cart and a harness made for the rooster, and he now spends most of his spare time driving the bird up and down the street near his home.

Fred's rooster is the envy of his less fortunate playmates. He has no trouble in driving him in the street unless a trolley car comes along, and then the rooster stops to look at it. He won't take a step until after the car has passed. When Fred considers that the bird has drawn the waggon far enough at a time he feeds him with a piece of an apple. That makes the bird willing for a new start.

The rooster is kept in a box stall in Mr. Perry's barn, and has shown no inclination to leave his new quarters.



A TRAINED ROOSTER

He crows when you ask him to, and will do lots of tricks, such as "playing dead" and standing on one foot, at least that is the story as told by the *New York Herald*.

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PHOTO BY FREDERICK LYONDE, TORONTO

TAKING THE WATER-JUMP

A FEATURE OF STEEPLECHASE RACES IN THE ONTARIO JOCKEY CLUB'S MEETS